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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—February 15, 1975, 50 cents

Oil Politics

Thwarting the Cartel
Energy Wastrels
The Poorest of the Oil Poor
Getting Democrats Together
Exploiting Our Resources
Holding Back Gas

Containing Poverty—*John Osborne*
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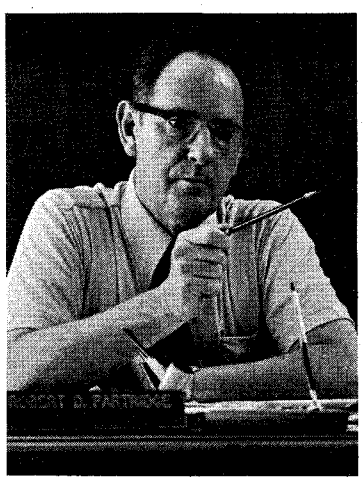

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TRB

from Washington
February 15, 1975

For Better or for Worse

The administration's present stance is, if I grasp it, that the economy is in worse shape than anybody supposed but that we should do less about it than the Democrats suggest. This conflict appears to spring from a doctrinal contradiction around the White House.

Theoretically administration spokesmen accept the need for temporary budget deficits and a tax cut, but in their hearts they want to balance the budget. Their skepticism shows all 'round the edges. Yes, cut taxes, they say, but not very much and in such a way that the rebate will encourage the more fortunate to go into the market and buy "big ticket" items, like cars; and the tax cut needn't be so drastic that it can't be modified by boosting the price of oil products across the board. That will add two percent to the cost of living, the administration admits (others say four percent), but so what?

Furthermore let's not let socialism get its foot in the door while we are stimulating the economy. Mr. Ford has a $17 billion package of spending cutbacks that the conservatives at Treasury and the Council of Economic Advisers must have rubbed their hands over. They are sacrifices for the less fortunate: federal pensions, Medicaid, payments for dental services, rodent control, neighborhood health centers, immunization, venereal disease control, food stamps and other agencies that serve the poor and elderly. Mr. Ford is not hardhearted but these paternalistic federal services threaten a mystical concept that he shares with his advisers of what the federal government should do and of how far it should do it.

The President is quite frank about this in his budget and economic messages. Yes, he says, "our present welfare system is inefficient and inequitable" and, yes, he says, "America needs to improve the way it pays for medical care." But do something *now?* Not at all; we must save money. And so the Ford paradox appears, boosting the deficit by cutting taxes on one hand and reducing it on the other by starving welfare. We need a program, he explains, that "avoids a growing preponderance of the public sector over the private."

The line of demarcation between these sectors is quite clear, he implies: "Spending by all levels of government now makes up a third of our national output," Mr. Ford says in his budget message. Anything above that is dangerous: "We must begin to limit the rate of growth of our budgetary commitments in the domestic assistance area to sustainable levels."

Mr. Ford is surrounded by advisers who passionately believe this. Treasury Secretary Simon, who thinks the federal deficit "horrifying," told David Broder that continuing on this path will "destroy the finest, most productive economy and the freest society mankind has ever created."

Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, thinks so too; you can see how awkward it is for reluctant conservatives like this to run a deficit rescue operation, which they abhor, and how confusing it becomes for them when the Democrats want to carry it further. "We are exposing the United States to a major—I mean major—risk," Greenspan tells reporters.

Well, Greenspan is right; there *are* risks, no doubt about it. We shouldn't be in this situation. But we must weigh risk against risk. How about that of crime and social turmoil when unemployed workers run out of food? UAW President Leonard Woodcock brings 9000 jobless workers here this weekend to remind Washington of what is going on, and he talks about 200,000 next spring. He says the supplemental unemployment benefit funds, to which the employer contributes, will run out for the Chrysler unemployed in March, and for GM workers in May or June. (They will still get separate federal insurance.)

Unemployment insurance is one of those costly federal intrusions into the free enterprise system that worry the administration so much, and that are now cumulatively softening the recession for millions of scared Americans. The US almost alone among great nations has no family allowances, and no system of national health insurance. Those systems would be expensive, too; but they would be built-in stabilizers right now against another Great Depression.

Doctrinaires have yielded a lot of ground since 1929. There was a question then, too, about what to do. "Balance budgets!" cried Bernard Baruch; "stop spending money we haven't got. Sacrifice for frugality and revenue. Cut government spending—cut it as rations are cut in a siege. Tax—tax everybody for everything!" That was the advice Hoover got. And so on. Paul Block of the Block newspapers: "First in importance is the balancing of our budget."

Jerry Ford's sharp-eyed economists are no fools; they know as well as anybody an apple from an orange or a linear extrapolation from a decelerating monetary aggregate. But their inner turmoil shows up in the signals the White House sends out to the nation. Gone are the days of WIN buttons and a five percent added surtax. But uncertainty over the severity of the crisis persists. John Chancellor interviewed Mr. Ford on TV January 23. "The resiliency of the American economy is such that we are going to rebound from this recession," the President said comfortingly, "and I think we will do it more quickly and in a better way than most pessimists say." Would seven percent unemployment continue and would it block him from running in 1976? he was asked. He didn't expect it to last and he would run, he said.

But 11 days later came the budget's own forecasts that unemployment will hover around eight percent for the rest of this year, and the next. It makes Mr. Ford's chances seem remote. We must admire the administration's candor, however, in putting the estimate out. This is certainly different from the early '30s when the unfortunate Hoover not merely took an optimistic line but sometimes bent the facts to sustain it.

Some people think they see a pattern in the administration's reaction; it views the economy hopefully when discussing its own recovery plans, and fearfully when discussing the Democrats'. But no simple law governs anything here anymore. For instance last week, Greenspan briefed reporters on the dangers of inflation in years to come; then he discounted the hopeful upsurge of the stock market, and finally he pleaded for a revival of public confidence. It is indeed a confusing city.

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Exploiting Our Resources

America's oil problem is unique. While Europeans worry about bankruptcy and Asians try to meet the new oil-inflated cost of food and farm supplies, Americans quarrel about the best way of tapping the rich oilfields that are said to lie off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in Alaska. The dispute begins with the question of how much oil is there. One of the lowest estimates is given by a government geologist named M. King Hubbert. Although he uses an unconventional kind of analysis, he's well regarded by his fellow geologists because many years ago he predicted that US oil production would reach a peak in 1970, and then taper off. So far he's been right. Hubbert believes there are only about 100 billion barrels of usable oil left in the United States, more than a third of it already discovered. If he is correct, the United States will have found, pumped and consumed all of its oil in about 25 years, assuming no increase in demand. The US Geological Survey thinks Hubbert is too conservative, and it officially sets oil reserves at around 400 billion barrels. This would last about 100 years at current rates of consumption, or 70 years if America were to stop importing oil. These numbers are highly conjectural, and it would be wrong to put much faith in either the pessimistic view of Hubbert or the giddy optimism of the Geological Survey. Pragmatists may prefer the oil industry's estimate of "proved reserves," the amount of oil that's known to exist in established reservoirs and can be produced at current prices, with current technology. This amounts to 38 billion barrels. If the US were not importing oil, the proved reserves would last only about six years.

The most recent figures given out by the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) show a sickly falling off in oil production. Last December, for example, the FEA reported that domestic oil wells were producing about 8.7 million barrels of crude each day, down from an average of 9.2 in 1973 and 9.4 in 1972. The steady decline is bound to continue for a time, and some scientists like Hubbert think it will never be reversed. Since there's no ready substitute for oil, and won't be for at least a decade, the only way to offset the decline is to buy foreign oil, explore for new domestic sources (in the hope that Hubbert is wrong) and use less of what we have. Americans have done all three. Oil use declined last year largely because the economy was in recession and, to a lesser degree, because prices were high and the government was

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urging people to drive less. Despite the cutback, imports were also very high. The FEA statistics show that last December the US was importing crude oil faster than ever before—at a rate of about four million barrels a day. Campaigns to save energy like the one started last year make sense only if they are aimed at eliminating waste, and if they are kept up for a long time. The misleading aspect of 1974's oil saving is that it represents a series of short-term adjustments that can be made only once. Another year of similar cutbacks—if not aimed selectively at energy wastrels—could put more people out of work and interfere with plans to reconstruct the railroads, open new coal mines and build seagoing oil drills.

Oil companies increased the rate of offshore drilling and exploration in 1974, though with no spectacular results. Their chief hope lies offshore along the edge of the US continental shelf, where geologists say the rock structure is of the type that has been found to contain oil on land. No one will know whether these prospective oilfields deserve the attention they're getting until after the first wells have been set and tested. In the Atlantic and Pacific that will take several years. The Gulf of Mexico is more hospitable to exploitation, but many of the best reservoirs there have been tapped already. There's oil in Alaska, too, some of which will come to market through the Aleyeska pipeline in 1977. But that line will carry only two million barrels a day; in order to exploit Alaskan reserves any faster, a new line will have to be built. Plans are underway to build a second pipe carrying natural gas, but costs are rising quickly and it's uncertain when it will begin delivering fuel. A second *oil* pipeline is even further in the future.

There's one other source of domestic oil that may be exploited. Old fields that have been "drained" in a commercial sense still contain about two-thirds of the oil they held when broached. If new technology makes it possible to lift the dregs from the bottom of these fields, then a large new resource will open up. It's been estimated that a one percent improvement in recovery techniques would bring up three or four billion barrels of oil. However at the moment there's no sign of this happening.

America's vulnerability is its tremendous rate of consumption. Every proposal for bringing new oil to market or switching to alternate fuels is costly, slow and unable to meet the demands of the American appetite for energy. If one relies on private companies to do the work, it takes three to five years to open a coal mine, seven years to put an offshore lease into production and longer to build a big pipeline. In a speech given shortly before leaving his job as the energy czar last fall, John Sawhill made a blunt prediction that should be taken to heart. He said, "there is little we can do to increase energy supplies in the next two to three years." This is a conservative way of saying that we can't survive without imported oil. Just to stand still as it did last year, the American economy requires an annual infusion of six billion barrels of oil. If the US were self-sufficient, oil companies would have to find the equivalent of three Elk Hills naval reserve oilfields each year to make up for the losses from fields in production. In order to move rapidly in a new direction, whether toward faster exploitation of offshore oil or reconstruction of railroads and coal mines, the country would need additional oil over and above the six billion barrels. Where could it find the extra supplies? The market today is the OPEC cartel.

Getting Democrats Together

Congressional Democrats, who have not been able to coordinate legislative activity since the days of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, are making another stab at it. The aim is to come up with a comprehensive economic and energy package that would substitute for the one proposed by President Ford. In the process, the Democrats will be testing the strength of the newly revitalized party caucuses and the reforms that supposedly have made the committee system more responsive.

Though the House has dominated the news about reform, it appears that Senate Democrats have taken the lead in meeting President Ford's challenge to put up or shut up about his proposals. Following a Democratic caucus late in January, the Senate Democratic Policy Committee met for almost three hours with committee chairmen whose legislative jurisdictions were involved. Such long-time powers as Chairman Russell Long of the tax writing Finance Committee, Chairman Henry Jackson of Interior, and Chairman Warren Magnuson of Commerce were told, in effect, to give up some of their individual authority and cooperate in the joint effort. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield established an ad hoc subcommittee from senators on the policy body and charged them with hammering out a coordinated policy that would eventually be recommended for approval by the Democratic caucus.

The committee chairmen were asked to make their top staff members available for meetings with the ad hoc group's staff members. Following his practice in dealing with other committees, Mansfield picked a group of senators who had not specialized directly in either energy or tax matters over the past three years. Sen. John Pastore was named chairman.

The ad hoc committee got off to a slow start. At the very time it was attempting to develop a coordinated Democratic policy, several Democratic senators talked about introducing thier own measures. One of them, Sen. Jackson, decided to delay introduction of his planned energy bill to see what the ad hoc committee came up with.

The committee held its first meeting to hear presentations from proponents of various proposals. In

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the ensuing question period, it became clear that the Senate committees had attempted to solve the energy problem and the economic recession in contradictory ways.

"We found that the economy, and recovery, was predicated on a fixed growing energy base," said one participant in these discussions, "but that the economy and not energy was the most important immediate factor." From that conclusion has come the decision by the ad hoc committee to make the unemployment rate the critical focus of attention. Importation of oil, which the Ford administration had established as an immediate "national security" problem was put in a less pressing category by the Democrats. Thus the Ford proposal to try to cut oil imports by one million barrels through an increase in import fees was rejected on two counts: it would create an artificial restriction that would affect deleteriously economic recovery, and it was directed at meeting a problem — dependence on foreign oil — that Democrats don't consider that important.

Though the ad hoc group is expected to come up with a suggestion for standby oil allocations, standby quotas and even a standby rationing program, the primary thrust will be an energy conservation program that will not have any immediate or long-term depressing effect on the economy. One goal will be to encourage development of more efficient engines and cut down on the gas guzzlers — probably through a tax incentive program. There probably will also be some effort to limit the amount of gasoline available for pleasure driving, perhaps by cutting the amount refiners can produce, but not in an amount that would bring back lines at gas stations.

President Ford's plan for tax credits to aid in home insulation programs may become part of the Democratic package along with grants or tax benefits for new housing and office construction mindful of energy conservation. The overall goal would be reduction of dependence on foreign oil to about 10 percent of total consumption, well below the 36 percent we import today.

To pay for such proposals, the Democrats are considering instituting some form of gasoline tax with the rate probably tied to unemployment. When unemployment is high, the tax would be low so as not to inhibit spending and thus economic recovery. When unemployment drops, and the economy is moving, the tax would increase. Whereas the Ford administration unemployment projection for 1977 was set at 7.5 percent, the Democrats want unemployment reduced to six percent by 1977.

A draft of the Democratic program is expected to be in circulation soon after this is written. Introduction of the legislative package is planned to coincide with the Senate vote on rolling back the Ford administration's oil import fee.

In the course of designing the comprehensive program, the Senate ad hoc committee staff crossed to the other side of the Capitol to have discussions with their counterparts on both the House Ways and Means and Interior committees. Even the House Democratic leadership's energy task force group, chaired by Rep. James Wright of Texas, has been consulted.

Will the joint effort work? It's too early to say but all sides agree that the Senate group has already broken through new legislative ground. Some think the desire to compromise issues in order to gain broad caucus support prior to introducing bills may result in mediocre legislation. Nonetheless the Senate Democratic chairmen are expected to introduce the caucus-approved measures and use them as the basis for hearings — rather than the Ford measure or any individual's bill. For men like Sen. Long, that may prove a difficult task. But even Long, seeing the writing on the wall, has changed past Finance Committee procedures dramatically. "If this fails," one Senate aide said recently, "it will be over an ego problem and not on substance." If it succeeds, the Democrats will have one man to thank — President Ford — for his program, which appalled everyone and forced action to be taken.

Holding Back Gas

Odd though it may seem, the federal government's experts on natural gas can't decide whether the nation is truly running out of gas or merely being given a little squeeze by its big gas producers. Deliveries of natural gas have been declining on the interstate level for about a year, and in some areas the shortage has put people out of work. The Federal Power Commission (FPC), the regulator of gas pipelines and prices, issued a special report last December called "A Realistic View of US Natural Gas Supply," which is intended to clear away some of the mystery. It is a gloomy paper that reminds us that the FPC has known since 1969 that a crisis was on its way, and it warns that the problem will get worse. The authors conclude that "conventional US gas production has reached its peak and will be declining for the indefinite future . . . from here on we must make do with less gas in absolute terms." The view is bleak, but not terribly enlightening, for even the FPC staff can't agree about *why* the shortage has appeared so suddenly, or whether the trend can be reversed.

The latest in a series of gas scares occurred this winter when several major pipelines told customers they wouldn't be able to deliver the gas they'd promised. The FPC began looking into the worst of these cases in January, including proposed cutbacks by the Transcontinental (Transco) and Tennessee pipeline

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companies. The commission may soon begin investigating a third proposed cutback by the Columbia pipeline company, though no action has been taken yet. The problems at Transco — to cite one example — began in late December when company officials telephoned some of Transco's big customers to say that their gas supplies would be severely reduced in a few weeks. The city of Danville, Virginia was one of the worst hit. Because the city buys all its gas from Transco, the cutback forced local officials to make an impossible choice between cutting off gas to industry and putting people out of work, or reducing deliveries of gas to residential consumers and leaving them to shiver. Dan River Mills, Goodyear, Corning Glass and US Gypsum have plants in Danville that depend on Transco for gas supplies, and all were preparing to close down in the crisis. This would have put 10,000 people out of work in a city of 47,000. Local residents had already been told to turn their thermostats down to 68 degrees, and when the new December cutback arrived, the chamber of commerce tried to convince them to dial down to 65. City officials found the gas squeeze intolerable, and they joined with five other Transco customers to plead with the FPC for emergency relief. Hearings began in Washington, DC on January 14.

The attorney representing Danville, Fred Ritts, said the FPC hearings were the "worst legal experience" he had ever had. Why? "Just to see the way the system works. . . . It was like being in the desert with one glass of water and watching the vultures come around to get their food." On the one hand were the needy Transco customers seeking help, including Danville, the public gas works of Laurens, South Carolina and Linden, Alabama, a major fertilizer maker in North Carolina, a chemical plant in Delaware and a zinc company in Pennsylvania. On the other side were the big Transco customers that were *not* scheduled for cutbacks, including the huge New York gas users, Con Edison and Brooklyn Union Gas. They had come to the hearings to oppose giving relief to Danville and the others because they knew that relief would have to come out of their own supplies. These "safe" customers urged the needy customers to buy propane and synthetic gas to keep the factories running. This is what angered Danville's attorney Fred Ritts, for as he points out, propane and synthetic gas cost six to eight times as much as natural gas, and "most of the people who advocated using these fuels were also selling them." Thus the hearing became an opportunity for synthetic gas sellers to promote their wares, as well as to protect their allotments of cheap gas. "Every time one of our witnesses got finished," Ritts said, "he'd be cross-examined by all the vultures," who hoped to prevent the FPC from giving emergency relief.

COMING: Stanley Karnow
reports from Amman
on Jordan's view
of the Middle East

The immediate problem disappeared midway through the hearings when Transco found fresh supplies of gas as suddenly and mysteriously as it had lost them several weeks earlier. The new supplies were large enough to end the emergency, but not large enough to let Danville and other petitioners off the hook this winter. February and March supplies are still a bit uncertain, and these small users have learned how vulnerable they are. Industries in Danville, for example, are entirely at the mercy of the pipeline, and the pipeline is entirely dependent on several big gas producers.

Incredibly, the FPC staff cannot agree whether the situation exemplified by Transco is the result of a real gas shortage or a tendency for producers to hold back supplies in anticipation of higher prices. The commission itself, led by chairman John Nassikas, believes that there is a remedy for shortages. Not long after he was appointed by Richard Nixon, Nassikas announced his answer: raise prices. He argued that if newly discovered gas is released from federal price controls, energy companies will spend more money on gas exploration, and soon more gas will be available to consumers. What if the new prices don't produce additional supplies? Then Nassikas would return to price regulation. The office of economics at the FPC strongly disagrees. At a 1973 Senate hearing the three chief economists on the FPC staff testified that, contrary to Nassikas' view, the gas industry is noncompetitive. They said that when the chairman of the FPC begins talking about raising the price of gas, companies begin withholding supplies in anticipation of making more money. Because there's virtually no competition between sellers of gas on the interstate market, contracts at unfavorable price levels are allowed to expire, not renewed. The result, the economists said, is a shortage.

Recently a new piece of evidence appeared that seems to support the economists' view. Last summer the FPC's investigative staff made a study of reserves held by 13 major pipelines to see whether they were holding back unusually large amounts of gas offshore. The preliminary findings were summarized in a memo last September 15. The staff reported that 13 pipelines held about 10 trillion cubic feet of gas off the market in "shut-in" wells in 1972 and 1973. That's about half the amount the US consumes in a year. These were "dedicated reserves," meaning the pipelines had already contracted for the gas, but not connected it to supply lines. Two companies with very large amounts in

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reserve were Tennessee Gas and Transco — together holding about half the reserves under investigation. Transco increased its shut-in reserves by 35 percent from 1972 to 1973. The author of the report wrote, "The magnitude of the nonproducing dedicated gas reserves, approximately 10 trillion cubic feet, is sufficient to warrant an immediate, in-depth investigation into the reasons for the reserves being shut in. . . ." He suggested the study be expanded to cover onshore gas fields as well. The FPC has written to the pipelines for an explanation, and the final report will be released in a few weeks.

Meanwhile the FPC is holding a public investigation of Transco's cutbacks to trace them to their source. Transco blames the sudden loss and rediscovery of gas on the foibles of its supplier, and the supplier blames the weather. Gas companies are usually capable of planning ahead for problems like this, and Transco is trying to explain why its sophisticated methods of predicting shortages went haywire this year.

Eliot Marshall

How to Treat Parasites

Thwarting the Cartel

The immediate problems of the American economy appeared as far from solution last week, despite the competitive incantations of our leading politicians, as they were in the autumn of 1973 when the current crisis started. Records recently were broken in the size of the trade deficit, the number of jobless and the rise in labor costs, which is to say: our dependence on foreign oil increased, the recession worsened, and inflation thrived. Meanwhile the economic resistance being hastily mobilized in Washington seemed as potent as the democratic movement in Uganda.

The contrast between the policies we're likely to get and those we need is most notable in energy. Both President Ford and the Congress are placing chief reliance for consummating Project Independence on reducing public consumption of petroleum, either by higher taxes and tariffs, as the former prefers, or by rationing. The ordeal of limited abstinence is expected to last five years or more. During that period, we may be sure, the OPEC countries will have increased their actual or potential claims on American resources, with their swelling receipts, by at least $100 billion—enough to buy up, if they were allowed to, a controlling interest in the 500 largest corporations in the United States and then some. During the same period our own domestic producers will also have prospered handsomely, unhampered by price controls and sustained by the public relations shelter of a trifling "windfall profits" tax (carefully distinguished by Treasury Secretary Simon from a "notorious" excess profits tax). Hence *after* the "five years or more" of austerity, what promise is there that the nation's petroleum position will be any more secure than it is now? What events that would promote that end are supposed to have happened in the meantime? Where is the motivation for change?

Experience in the immediate past is not reassuring about prospects for the years ahead, if currently favored government plans are followed. Exxon, Texaco, Gulf and the other Seven Sisters have shown nothing resembling the patriotic verve that was expected in exploiting the new publicly owned oil resources placed at their disposal by a benevolent government. Worse yet, they have shown even less disposition to use their own private resources. Somehow, amidst the stirring calls for collective effort and independence, they managed to contract domestic output steadily, by 3.4 percent from the second half of 1973 to the first half of 1974 and then by another 3.7 percent in the remainder of the year. At the same time, from their facilities in the Middle East and elsewhere abroad, imports rose so lustily once the Arab embargo was lifted that in the year just ended the United States scored its second largest balance of payments deficit in history.

Did the oil barons' strategy pay off? (Ask not what you can do for your country, but what your country can do for you.) Profits in 1974 compared with two years earlier rose by 103 percent for Exxon, 142 percent for Gulf, 86 percent for Texaco, 138 percent for Shell, 108 percent for Mobil, etc. Nowhere in the record is there a hint of a gaping divergence of interests between our own giant petroleum corporations on the one hand and the Arabs, Iran and Venezuela on the other. All are doing very nicely, thank you. Can a gentle restraint on domestic consumption be expected to change that, or any other basic data in the petroleum situation? In particular, will it increase domestic production and reduce imports?

It is a well known fact in the literature of economics that *all* producers can benefit from limiting the growth of world petroleum output. At times, with a short-run inelastic demand, it pays in terms of increased profits to *reduce* production. At an annual meeting last month of the Allied Social Sciences Associations, it was shown—not for the first time—how the OPEC countries and the international oil companies manage the world supply for their collective advantage. John M. Blair, a former chief economist for the Senate antimonopoly subcommittee, concluded his analysis with: "In contrast with the inherently antagonistic relationship between competitive buyers and sellers, the relationship between the international oil companies and the exporting countries was clearly symbiotic, defined in *Webster's New World Dictionary* as 'the intimate living together of two kinds of organisms, especially where such associa-

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tion is of mutual advantage.'"

So today the American public is caught in a pincer movement between a domestic cartel and a foreign cartel, essentially two arms of the same body. While the Arabs remain free to use their power for political blackmail and the economic warfare inherent in an arbitrary quintupling of price, our own American-based international petroleum companies remain able to take their healthy cuts out of every dollar of the ill-gotten gains. In cooperative response, the public is asked by its representatives in Washington to drive less, heat less, and pay more. Yet if the power of the federal government were used effectively, I believe the domestic cartel could be broken almost at once, and the stranglehold of the OPEC countries severed within two years.

The key to this achievement would be to accord the nation's petroleum companies quasi-public utility status, on the grounds that they are at least as essential to the public interest as electric and gas utilities. Under the enabling legislation necessary for this act, a new Federal Energy Commission (displacing the present ineffective Federal Energy Administration as well as the Federal Power Commission) would summon the officers of the companies to Washington bearing comprehensive records of their oil resources, realized and potential, other productive facilities and actual output. On analysis of the records (to be checked by field trips if necessary), and after swift but thorough hearings, production quotas would be set for each company for each of the next five years. Tax penalties would be imposed, on a per barrel basis, for failure to meet the quotas. Tax benefits would be awarded for exceeding them. Necessary new capital equipment would be assured, where necessary, by government allocation procedures. Price controls would of course be established as they are for all utilities.

On the foreign side, maximum quotas would be set for imported oil, with annual adjustments downward in line with planned increases in domestic production and estimates of total consumption requirements. There would be no need for emergency reductions in public consumption, through rationing or excise taxes, because total supplies would be *planned* to meet normal demand. On the basis of past experience, I would estimate that domestic output can be increased by from seven to 10 percent annually in the years ahead. In that event dwindling imports would soon burden the OPEC countries with excess capacity, a condition almost certain to weaken their solidarity and induce lower prices. The break-up of OPEC would be hastened if the new federal commission prevailed successfully on Congress to place extra taxes on higher powered and heavier autos, fix a mandatory federal speed limit, and take other obvious measures for a sensible conservation of energy. But in any case domestic production should be steadily expanded, as it certainly can be, and imports diminished, until sufficient reserve capacity has been established for the nation's protection.

In the longer run I would hope that a government petroleum corporation would be created in line with legislation introduced about a year ago by Sen. Adlai Stevenson III. The corporation would work publicly owned properties, experiment and innovate, and above all serve as a yardstick for regulation of the private companies. Stevenson's bill was of course easily overwhelmed and buried by the oil lobby. But perhaps—we'll see—with all those new liberals in Congress the scene may be changed. Our statesmen in Washington may rise to take a fresh, bold look at the oil moguls, and then do something about them.

All the measures just described would help stem the current recession—by bolstering production, avoiding the President's new crude oil tax, restraining energy prices, and shutting off the drain of American purchasing power to the Middle East. But the unemployment-inflation dilemma has been with us since World War II, intensifying steadily like a contagious disease. Its current severity, manifested in the steepest downturn since the '30s, is largely independent of the energy crisis, although exacerbated by it. Yet like energy the deepening recession raises basic questions about the economic role of government to which neither Congress nor the administration is attending—a subject to which I hope to return in a later article.

Melville J. Ulmer

We Think We've Got It Bad

Poorest of the Poor

Since the beginning of the world economic crisis caused by the precipitous increase in the price of oil, Americans have paid attention primarily to our own problems and to those of the industrial nations. The crisis, however, is much more acute for the developing nations. We are inconvenienced by higher costs, and possible reductions in living standards. But for non-OPEC (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) nations of the Third World, in the Southern Hemisphere, in Asia, Africa, Latin America and along the Mediterranean Sea, the oil crisis may be a matter of life and death.

Their poverty has forced them to concentrate on the economic development that eventually promises them a share of the material benefits others enjoy. The disparity of wealth between the industrialized and developing countries is still great. For example, the average per capita income last year (expressed in 1973 dollars) was about $305 in the non-OPEC developing world, $4020 in Western Europe, and $5890 in North America. OPEC nations like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and

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Libya approached the Western Europe figure in 1974, but poor OPEC countries like Nigeria and Indonesia were below $200.

Even at good growth rates, perhaps six percent annually, less developed countries (LDCs) without oil resources face a painstakingly slow course of development. Since many of these countries have very high rates of population increase, part of any gain in output is lost when analyzed on a per capita basis. Thus any change in the economic situation that inhibits growth can be a serious setback to their aspirations. When the change is as great as that caused by the oil price increase, it is a stunning blow.

The developing countries are especially vulnerable because they lack the resources to enable them to absorb the great loss of revenue caused by the oil prices, revenue that is diverted from their development projects or import programs to the treasuries of the OPEC countries. These nations cannot afford to reduce their oil consumption substantially. Almost all of their oil is used for essential purposes—agriculture, industry, public and commercial transportation and tourism, the last of which often produces significant amounts of foreign exchange. They have no choice but to pay the price set by the cartel.

The changed economic environment is likely to have at least three noticeable effects on the LDCs. First is the balance of payments problem. All nations strive to keep this balance positive, even if few succeed. If it becomes too unfavorable, the ability of a nation to import needed commodities is diminished for lack of sufficient foreign exchange. The oil price caused a sharp jump in balance of payments deficits, with no means available to restore the previous balance, except perhaps by increased foreign aid from the rich countries, an unlikely development in a time of recession. About two-thirds of the value of foreign aid (or development assistance, as it is known) is offset by the extra outflows for higher priced oil. Thus OPEC effectively negates most of the meager assistance now provided by the industrial world.

Related to the balance of payments problem is the terms of trade problem, that is, what imports developing countries can buy with their exports. Projections to 1980 show that higher oil prices will reduce the purchasing power of the exports of the non-OPEC LDCs by more than 10 percent of what it would have been had oil prices remained at the 1973 level. The losses are greatest for desperately poor countries like Bangladesh, India and Pakistan, and marginally more prosperous countries like Thailand and Malaysia. The loss of purchasing power for the LDCs in 1974 was about seven billion dollars, with most of that loss absorbed by nations with per capita incomes below $375. Nearly one billion people live in those African and South Asian countries with per capita incomes below $200. They do not have exports that can fetch higher prices on world markets. Nor do they have adequate monetary reserves. Without substantial grants or highly favorable loans from the outside, these nations will be fortunate to achieve average growth rates over the next several years of more than one percent.

The impact on the growth rate is the third major effect of the price increase. While the poorest countries stagnate economically, even those developing nations that have per capita incomes of about $400 or $500 will miss their development targets. What will actually happen depends on changes in certain variables that are related to growth. Assuming high oil prices, low capital flows to the LDCs, and low growth rates in the industrialized world, growth rates in the LDCs will be adversely affected by one to two percent for the rest of the '70s. Given the economic difficulties the LDCs have in the best of times, this setback can have serious long-term ramifications.

The long-range problem for planners in the poorer countries is to try to find a way to maintain targeted growth rates in the face of pressures generated by high oil prices. One means of relief would be increased development assistance from the nations that have the resources. Increasingly this will mean the OPEC countries, because the traditional sources of foreign aid are likely to have trouble maintaining present levels of assistance, much less increased flows. Even if the richer OPEC countries provided assistance in amounts proportional to that supplied by the industrial nations, the total amount would be small in relation to the need. In order to sustain growth rates of about six percent, development assistance would have to be increased by almost 150 percent by 1980, from about $12 billion to nearly $30 billion. Although OPEC nations will have surpluses much larger than that, they're not likely to give so much away at concessionary terms, despite recent speculation.

Ironically a kind of reverse foreign aid process is now underway. Of the approximately $14 billion that the other developing countries pay to OPEC for their oil imports, about $13 billion goes to the OPEC government treasuries. Thus the OPEC nations are extracting a significant amount of tribute from the countries that can least afford it.

Some of the outflow from the developing countries is recycled in the form of grants and loans, sometimes at low interest rates. But, as I've said, grants are not likely to increase enough to meet the need, and loans do have to be repaid eventually. Where will countries like Sri Lanka, Ethiopia or Bangladesh find the money? The problem will be even more difficult if inflation should abate. Such a development will make it more difficult for governments to service debts, with a resultant decrease in the growth of per capita income.

A second variable that has an important effect on growth rates in the LDCs is growth in the industrial world. As growth rates drop in the West and Japan, there is a corresponding drop in the developing nations;

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in 1974 the industrial countries as a group had no growth in real Gross National Product and a decline in per capita income. The recession is harmful to LDCs as well. They must increase their exports in order to offset rising import prices for oil, but that requires expanding markets and greater access in developed nations. In time of recession that is very hard to achieve.

Europe, for example, faces an increased balance of payments deficit of about three percent of GNP due to the oil prices. This is comparable to the post-World War II situation. Attempts to decrease payments deficits and to reduce inflation generally result in a reduction of economic growth rates. Thus the chance that rates in industrial countries will be high enough to beneficially affect the developing countries is slim. It's more likely that the economic situation in the OPEC countries is likely to have a deleterious effect on developing economies.

The other main variable that might affect growth positively in the LDCs is the price of oil. If it could be cut significantly, many of the growth problems would be ameliorated. Each increase dictated by OPEC helped to reduce growth. Altogether the oil prices have caused a decline in the GNP growth rate of about 1.5 percent on the average.

There is little likelihood of a voluntary price cut by the oil cartel. Certainly there is no reason to expect that. Yet in the absence of international procedures to combat cartels, the consuming nations lack the means to bring prices down by economic countermeasures. Consequently the developing countries cannot anticipate much relief.

Although some analysts have made certain optimistic assumptions that enable them to conclude that the LDCs can adjust to the new economic reality, those assumptions are of suspect validity. More pessimistic, and maybe more realistic, assumptions lead to a conclusion that the non-OPEC developing countries will be lucky to achieve an aggregate growth rate of four percent during the remainder of the decade. The poorest countries would probably be below one percent. On a per capita basis the growth rate would be near zero.

India, one of the countries with a per capita income below $200, is an illustrative case. Over the past 10 years India has increased its use of various petroleum products, including fertilizer, which is vital to increasing agricultural production.

India's elaborate economic planning is sensitive to the effect of high oil prices. The cost of oil imports in free foreign exchange went from $270 million in 1972 to $1.3 billion in 1974. As a percentage of total imports, oil went from 11 percent to 42 percent. The extra cost offsets all net external assistance and more than doubles India's debt payments. The only way to finance this new cost is to shift precious resources from development to oil, with obvious impact on industrial and agricultural growth. Imports that were thought to be essential may now have to be curtailed. In addition India will have to try to cut oil imports. This will be felt most strongly in transportation and in agriculture, where decreased availability of fertilizers will hurt agricultural output, with a ripple effect throughout the economy. Thus India's efforts to develop its economy and achieve a better standard of living are seriously compromised, unless new oil finds work out.

The arbitrary actions of OPEC in setting a price that is some 100 times greater than the cost of production have had significant consequences throughout the world. But the pinch is felt the most in the developing countries that have no way to cushion the shock. Their main economic concern is development, which is essential if they are to achieve an advance in the quality of life for huge numbers of people. As long as the price of oil remains inordinately high, their plans will be severely crippled. They will have to strive mightily just to keep even, much less grow, unless some means is found to bring down oil prices.

Harold M. Waller

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The Duping Of Richard Helms

Material released by the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry suggests a new avenue of investigation for the congressional intelligence inquiries now getting underway: What can be done to prevent a President from using the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other secret security services for partisan political purposes?

In summer and fall of 1971 President Nixon saw Sen. Edmund Muskie as his likely opponent in the upcoming 1972 presidential election. A number of Nixon's advisers feared Sen. Edward Kennedy might emerge as the Democratic candidate. Nixon White House political strategy, therefore, called for attacking both Muskie and Kennedy. The publication of the Pentagon papers in June 1971, the ensuing court battle to prevent further publication and the indictment of Daniel Ellsberg for giving the papers to the press were all viewed by the President and his aides as helping them politically.

For the attack on Edward Kennedy, Nixon wanted to publicize what he considered failures of John Kennedy's administration. On several occasions in June 1971, the President asked his aides to find a way to get out the story of the Bay of Pigs. At one point, 10 days after the first Pentagon papers publication, he suggested that

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Chicago Tribune reporters Willard Edwards or Walter Trohan be asked to demand release of previously classified Bay of Pigs material.

On July 2, 1971 White House aide Charles Colson told H. R. Haldeman that he thought Howard Hunt, a former CIA official, should be hired. In a memo Colson wrote to Haldeman that Hunt had been "the CIA mastermind on the Bay of Pigs. He told me," Colson went on, "that if the truth were ever known, Kennedy would be destroyed." In an attached phone conversation transcript, Hunt said "I've written my memoirs of that [the Bay of Pigs], but of course, I never published them."

Four days later Hunt was hired and two days after that, on July 9, 1971, President Nixon suggested that *Look* magazine might be a suitable place to publish "Hunt's memoirs." In that same presidential conversation, Mr. Nixon discussed naming Gen. Vernon Walters as the number two man in the CIA—a move that was not accomplished for another 10 months. The President also talked about another former CIA agent, Lucien Conien, who had been active in Saigon for the agency during the presidency of Ngo Dinh Diem. Hunt and Colson had talked to Conien that same day asking about the Diem assassination and the roles of Averell Harriman, Maxwell Taylor and Robert Kennedy. Thereafter Nixon asked John Ehrlichman to keep tabs on Conien, whose anti-Kennedy story they wanted the CIA to release.

At an impromptu press conference September 16, 1971, Mr. Nixon declared that the US involvement in Vietnam developed "through overthrowing Diem and the complicity in the murder plan of Diem." Two days later, at a White House meeting with Haldeman, Ehrlichman and then Attorney General John Mitchell, Nixon talked about a political strategy that would keep discussion of the origins of the Vietnam war "front and center" so that Democrats would "squabble about it." The "Diem incident" was picked as "the best ground" for attack since it involved both Harriman, who was considered a Muskie supporter, and Kennedy. Mr. Nixon suggested Republican senators, such as William Brock of Tennessee or Robert Taft of Ohio, could pick up his accusation of three days earlier and "demand Conien be released from the silence" imposed on him by CIA regulations. "Let the CIA take a whipping on this," former President Nixon reportedly said.

Mr. Nixon then ordered several specific steps be taken concerning the CIA to carry out the strategy of getting the story of the Diem murder out. He wanted the "entire Diem file" from the CIA. His aides were to tell CIA the story that his answer of three days earlier had been questioned and he wanted to prepare for an upcoming press conference. In addition the CIA was told to deliver the "full" Bay of Pigs file to the White House "or else." There also was to be a "speed-up [of] Walters to CIA" at Mr. Nixon's specific request.

Recognizing that the CIA might balk at delivering files, the President's men fabricated two stories. On the Bay of Pigs, they would say that since Mr. Nixon himself "was involved" he "must know all the facts." CIA Director Richard Helms was also to be told "the President is on CIA's side in these . . . [but] as questions arise they must be answered."

That same day a decision was made to request all State Department cables on the Diem coup. The President's name was to be kept out of it; the handling of the request and reading of the cables would be left to others, including Howard Hunt.

The assignment did go to Hunt who, on September 20, 1971 was given access to State's cable file on the Diem coup. The CIA, however, did not fully respond to the President's request as relayed by Ehrlichman. Instead Director Helms asked to speak directly to Mr. Nixon. At this point it is worth recalling that Helms and his agency had in the previous few months been subjected to a variety of White House requests. In early July they had been asked to do a psychological profile of Ellsberg; later that month and the next they had responded to requests from Hunt for false identification papers, a wig, a tape recorder and finally a clandestine camera. Also, at about that same time, the agency undertook physical surveillance of newsmen at White House request. The only instance in which the agency is known to have balked was when Hunt's use of the clandestine camera—with which he took interior pictures of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—indicated a covert domestic operation was being contemplated. At that point the CIA apparently halted its aid to Hunt.

For the meeting with Helms, Mr. Nixon was to be firm that he wanted to see "all of the documents requested," according to a memo prepared by Ehrlichman. The former President was to "avoid promising" that only he would look at them or "that none will be declassified or released."

Helms met with Mr. Nixon on October 8, 1971. After discussing some problems of CIA cooperation with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, they came to the main purpose of the meeting. Mr. Nixon told Helms a false story. He said his request for the Bay of Pigs and Diem files was based on the idea that he "must be fully advised in order to know what to duck" in the way of questions that might arise at international meetings already planned to take place in 1972. The former President added, somewhat disingenuously, that he would not "hurt the agency nor attack [his] predecessors."

CIA Director Helms apparently caught the drift of Mr. Nixon's remarks, for he responded that there "is only one President at a time" and, as of that day, "I only work for you." That having been said, Helms turned over an additional envelope of documents. The President then said that Helms was to deal with Ehrlichman "as you would me," to which Ehrlichman added, "I'll be making requests for additional material";

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Helms apparently responded: "OK, anything."

In the following days Hunt worked over the State Department cables but there is no recorded testimony about whether he saw the CIA material turned over to Mr. Nixon. Since no single cable tied the Kennedy administration to the Diem coup or assassination—as Mr. Nixon had charged in his press conference—Hunt fabricated one. It was thereafter decided that the phony cable, along with genuine ones, were to be shown to *Life* magazine writer William Lambert in the hope that a major story supportive of Mr. Nixon's charge could be promoted.

Lambert and Hunt met, the cables were shown, but both say no story developed. Lambert was suspicious and Hunt refused to let him have a copy of the fabricated cable. There is some indication that during this period the CIA asked for a delay in giving Lambert additional information.

The Diem episode nonetheless amply illustrates how a President can manipulate and mislead an agency for his own political purposes while cloaking his actions in some vague but reasonable excuse. Should CIA Director Helms have realized he was being used? Probably—and there is good reason to believe his initial caution arose from a concern that he was. But faced with a direct presidential request—and assurances—he did what he was asked to do. Perhaps a legislative prohibition on release of files or some guidance in an agency's charter would inhibit a future director from complying with such a request. But the only final guarantee that such misuse of CIA or any agency won't take place must rest in the character of the men most directly involved: the President and the agency heads.

Walter Pincus

Henry Jackson's Way with Money

Los Angeles

Two down, 18 to go. That's how the scoreboard read when Scoop Jackson strode into the ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel here with his wife, Helen, on his arm and the cheers of 1100 backers ringing in his ears. It was the first of a series of fundraisers planned by the Jackson camp to qualify the Washington senator for public financing by raising at least $5000 in contributions of $250 or less in each of at least 20 states. Once that's done he'll collect one dollar in federal matching funds for every one dollar in contributions of $250 or less he collects, up to a maximum of five million dollars, a figure subject to a cost-of-living escalator. On this night he qualified California and Nevada, which was not too difficult when the dinner tickets were selling for $250 a plate and when it takes only 20 sales to hit the $5000 mark for a state. The next Tuesday he would pick up a third state in Phoenix, and number four is already set up for Seattle, Washington, in mid-February. A second series of fundraisers is planned for the spring months.

It's a safe bet Jackson will be one of the first in the large field of presidential aspirants to qualify for public funds; in fact he would have qualified in 26 of the 38 states in which he raised funds in 1974 ($1.139 million) despite his camp's aggressive use of a loophole allowing 230 supporters to kick in $3000 each up to January 1, 1975, when the ceiling dropped to $1000. The loophole was used to sell about $80,000 in tables of 10 ($2500 per table) for the Los Angeles bash but there were plenty of sales left over to meet independently the $5000 goal. Sen. Lloyd Bentsen (D, Tex.) also slipped some of the $1,034,000 he raised before January 1 through the same loophole.

Jackson's fundraising tactics have brought criticism but they've also put the Jackson camp in an advantageous position. The money can't be used to get matching funds, regardless of the size of the contribution, but it can be used as part of the two million dollars in "seed money" a candidate can spend to raise additional funds without chalking it off against the $10 million limit on total spending prior to the '76 convention. For instance it was used to pay for a huge direct mailing that went out of the Jackson headquarters in early February.

Keeping spending down with all that money on hand could be a more serious problem; however, Jackson manager Robert Keefe is determined to keep 1975 spending within the cost-of-living increase. It works this way: On January 1, 1976 the $10 million limit on spending through the Democratic convention (half of this can be in matching funds if contributions are limited to $250 or less) will go up by the percentage increase in the cost-of-living index as reported by the Department of Commerce. At the current rate of inflation that could be a million dollars or more and Keefe intends to keep staff and campaign expenditures within that limit. The Jackson strategy of "running from Washington" for the next year fits Keefe's budget.

Jackson has major pools of support, such as Los Angeles' large, well organized and wealthy Jewish community, which bought an estimated 70 percent or more of the tickets to the dinner at the Century Plaza. He has friends in organized labor and among party regulars. It's very possible that he can use the more than one million dollars he picked up last year to raise the five million dollars in contributions of less than $250 each by next January 1, then pick up his public monies and go into the primary season with the money on hand to finance his operation through the convention. It would allow for careful budgeting and give him a distinct advantage.

His only competitor at this time is Gov. George

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Wallace of Alabama, who raised $1,759,000 in 1974, largely in sums of under $100. One massive direct mail effort could easily qualify Wallace in at least 20 states and put him first in line at the window where they pass out the federal dollars.

There's some irony in this script. The campaign finance law passed last year was seen as a boon to the Democratic party's left wing, which leaned heavily on volunteers and massive direct mailings in 1968 and 1972 despite the presence of a number of big givers in those circles. It was said that if you read "the rich" out of the game, and provide some federal matching money, 1976 would be a snap for the well entrenched liberal wing of the party. It isn't working out that way.

Right now the group most affected by the changes isn't the rich businessman who can't contribute to his heart's content but the committed young men and women whose "voluntarism" was sustained by a $50 per week salary and lots of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in 1968 and 1972. Those cheap jobs aren't there this year. Apply for one and you'll have a copy of the campaign finance bill waved in your face as someone points you in the direction of the volunteer list tacked to the wall.

Former Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma leans heavily on the changes in campaign financing as he tries to convince his listeners that this is the year for a genuine "populist" revolt. He sent back all the checks that came in before January 1, but since then has been accepting contributions. Gifts are running about $150 per day (as of late January), enough to support Fred and La Donna Harris as they travel the country, living off the land (that means bed and breakfast at the home of a supporter). It won't buy much media time nor pay for many mass mailings. It doesn't seem to bother Harris, who claims to have signed up 6000 to 7000 volunteers from New Hampshire to California in his quest for the presidency.

Rep. Morris K. Udall (D, Ariz.), a chief sponsor of the campaign reform act, shunned any contributions of over $1000 before January 1 and has yet to get his fundraising operation underway. "Voluntarism" is the name of the game at the Udall headquarters these days, brought on by an awareness of the money limitation and the short supply of cash.

It's much the same for ex-Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia, who, like Harris, is devoting full time to his campaign and putting together a direct mail operation under the guidance of Morris Dees, the Alabama expert who shaped the successful McGovern mail operation in 1972 and is now sharing his knowledge with a number of candidates. Carter is working from lists drawn up during his travels as the party's national campaign manager in 1974 and is starting to get a small flow of cash.

Just how fast the Federal Election Commission, the new supervisory agency, gets itself together remains to be seen. It has taken a while for the members to be picked. Nor has a court ruled on the challenge by Sen. James Buckley (Con., NY) and ex-Sen. Eugene McCarthy (D, Minn.) against the ceiling on contributions. Right now everyone is feeling his way and only the Jackson people appear to have a firm grasp of the situation.

Paul R. Wieck

White House Watch

Containing Poverty

by John Osborne

What's left of the war on poverty that John F. Kennedy originated, Lyndon Johnson canonized and Richard Nixon debased figures so modestly that it's hard to find in President Ford's mountainous budget for fiscal 1976. It could hardly be otherwise, given the philosophy that the President set forth in his budget message. He said that "the tremendous growth in our domestic assistance programs in recent years" will, if not limited to "sustainable levels" over the next 20 years, bring about "insupportably heavy" taxation of individuals and businesses. With exceptions that will arouse clamorous objection from glandular liberals and the enlarged Democratic majorities in the new Congress, the actual numbers in the budget generally support the assertion of Roy Ash, the departing director of the Office of Management and Budget, that "no program — almost no program — is being cut in absolute amounts that bear upon the poorer people of the country. It is merely

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a containment of the level of increase in these programs." The rub, of course, is that containing the level of increase subjects the beneficiaries of the affected programs to penalties of inflation that are more severe than those inflicted upon society as a whole.

Here we concentrate upon two programs and an institution that over the years have come to symbolize the federal effort to eliminate or at least alleviate poverty in the United States. The programs are the federally financed and locally operated endeavors that go under the rubric of Community Action and federally funded legal services for poor people. The institution is what until January 4 was the Office of Economic Opportunity and is now the Community Services Administration. Their budget stories are interesting and their treatment at the Ford White House tells a great deal about that establishment and its head, the President. Outwardly, the Ford White House is open, bland and orderly. Inwardly, the legal services story in particular shows it to be secretive, tumultuous and rather disorderly.

In the flush of his 1972 reelection, President Nixon set out in early 1973 to abolish OEO and its biggest and most costly program, Community Action. He tried to do this in two ways. He provided no money for either OEO or community action in his fiscal 1974 budget and he installed Howard Phillips, a Republican troglodyte from Boston, at the head of OEO with orders to dismantle it and its chain of some 900 local community action agencies by June 30. Phillips went about both tasks with sadistic relish. A federal judge found that what he was doing was illegal and that the effort to evade the law requiring OEO directors to be nominated and confirmed by the Senate, by continuing Phillips in office as an unnominated acting director, was also illegal.

A series of subsequent events shook the Nixon White House and provided lessons that were not lost on the Ford White House. Congress refused to abolish OEO and provided funds — $348 million in calendar 1973, $308 million in 1974 — to keep it and its principal programs going at least two more years. Alvin Arnett, Phillips' successor and supposed disciple, astounded his associates and enraged Mr. Nixon and some of his staff by proving himself to be a vigorous advocate of both OEO and community action. One of the last acts of the dying Nixon presidency was to fire Arnett in July 1974. But his work had been done, with lasting effect. He had stumped the land, warning state and local officials that the community action programs in their areas would die if the Nixon administration had its way. Many of these worthies suddenly realized that *their* agencies, however rambunctious and annoying they had been in the early years, had tended to settle down and become buffers between the discontented poor and regular officialdom. The community action bureaucracy — and the Nixon people were quite right in saying there was one, all too often overpaid and underbrained — hired lobbyists to press its cause in Washington. One of the lobbyists was Gerald Ford's friend and former congressional colleague, William C. Cramer of Florida, whose Washington law firm was paid $25,000 a month.

The lobbying, a lot of genuine conviction, and a strong sense in Congress that the federal government has a duty and must have a central instrument to combat poverty paid off on May 29, 1974, with a vote in the House of Representatives that astonished the most hopeful advocates of federal antipoverty action. The House voted 331 to 53 to retain and fund the community action programs. On its face the vote was against OEO as such, but it really wasn't. The proposal voted upon would have abolished OEO and transferred community action to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The saving, subsurface fact was that the size of the majority and the accompanying requirement that community action be administered by an autonomous replacement within HEW indicated a powerful, bipartisan commitment to the principle that OEO represented.

Al Arnett's successor as OEO director, a Colorado Chicano lawyer named Bert A. Gallegos, is rated by some of his best friends in Congress to be nothing better and nothing worse than a pallid, competent caretaker. Even so, he speaks out for an independent antipoverty agency and, without discernible harassment from the Ford White House, is quietly lobbying against the President's declared intention to abolish OEO and transfer its successor, the Community Services Administration, to HEW. The same forces that brought about the 1974 vote compelled the Ford administration to accept a compromise that the President didn't like in December. It renamed OEO the Community Services Administration and left CSA in charge of two principal programs, community action and community economic development. In its compromise provisions, the act permits the President to submit to Congress a reorganization plan that would transfer CSA and community action to HEW and community economic development to the Commerce Department. Normally a presidential reorganization plan dies if it is rejected by a simple majority in either House or Senate. Only a majority vote of both House and Senate can reject the CSA reorganization, the President may veto the rejecting resolution, and a two-thirds vote would then be required in both houses to kill the reorganization and save CSA as an independent agency. The reorganization plan is being drafted. Antipoverty advocates are fairly confident that they can muster simple majorities in both chambers but far from sure that they could muster two-thirds vote (or four-fifths if a current attempt to change the rules succeeds) in the Senate. As for funding, various figures in the new budget can be read to indicate an increase of about $60 million in recommended 1976 appropriations

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for CSA. Actually because of technicalities in OEO-CSA funding, the real recommendation remains at around the $308 million provided in fiscal '75.

The legal services story goes back to the early years of the Nixon presidency, and to Richard Nixon's then ascendant and now disgraced and convicted assistant, John Ehrlichman. By 1970, after five years in existence, OEO's Office of Legal Services and the local agencies that it financed and loosely supervised had frightened and offended many state and local officials and bureaucracies. The service had done this by obtaining court rulings that exposed and corrected abuses and deprivations of rights that had generally been taken for granted by all except the poor and disadvantaged people who suffered from them. The result was enormous pressure upon the Johnson and Nixon administrations to terminate or at least curb a federally supported service that, in the most aggravating instances, attacked public policies and entities with public employees — the Legal Services attorneys — and public money. The leading foe of federally supported legal service for the poor was Governor Ronald Reagan of California, a conservative Republican rival whose favor and support the President deemed vital. There were others, among them Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon, who like most of the critics professed to be for legal services in principle and only against the excesses that occasionally marred a generally good performance.

In dealing with what for them was a serious political problem, Messrs. Nixon and Ehrlichman decided upon an approach that could have been worse and, everything considered, did them credit. Their solution was not an attempt to abolish Legal Services, but instead to get it and the burden of complaints that it generated off the President's back. This they proposed to do by removing the function from OEO, which was a part of the Executive Office of the President, and placing it in an independent and theoretically nonpolitical Legal Services Corporation. Congress limited the President's freedom and power to choose the directors who would set up the corporation to such an extent that he vetoed the first Legal Services Corporation Act. In 1973, when a renewed proposal from the President reached the floor of the House, Mrs. Green attached to it a set of amendments that were so restrictive that they would have gutted the function and the corporation. Gerald Ford, the Republican minority leader, voted for the Green amendments and for the final bill. The Senate refused to accept that bill and a compromise, trading the minimal restrictions that conservative critics of the whole concept insisted upon for the freedom of selection that the President demanded, was signed by Mr. Nixon, in one of his last presidential actions, on July 25, 1974. When he signed the bill he told one of his staff counselors, Dean Burch, that he knew his doing so would "piss off the conservatives" and that it therefore would be politically necessary to include a goodly number of nonenthusiasts among the 11 members of the corporation board of directors to be nominated by the President, subject to Senate confirmation.

Although several hundred names had been suggested for nomination to the corporation board before the bill was passed and signed, the process of serious consideration and selection had barely begun when Mr. Nixon resigned and Gerald Ford replaced him on August 9. There then ensued three and a half months of frantic, mostly hidden activity, controversy and confusion within the Ford establishment. Two circumstances dominated the process and imposed the little order there was in it. The first circumstance was President Ford's view and insistence, identical with his predecessor's, that the initial board be "balanced" — a favorite word of the President's in this connection — between advocates of effective legal services and conservative advocates of a narrowly restricted service. The second circumstance was that Dean Burch, a conservative attorney from Arizona and a friend and ally of Senator Barry Goldwater, was commissioned by President Ford as he had been by President Nixon to oversee and, when necessary, control the selection process. "It was a Burch operation," another assistant who was intimately involved in it said afterward. The accompanying confusion of competing lists and controversy between the proponents of various lists was such that it seemed to some others involved that it was not really anybody's operation. But the assistant who was just quoted was right: it was Dean Burch's and Gerald Ford's operation.

The operation had some odd and revealing aspects. A Ford assistant who might have been expected to be deeply involved and was among the least involved was Philip Buchen, the President's hometown friend, first law partner and senior counsel at the White House. Buchen was not exactly excluded from the process; he had and claimed no particular expertise or experience in publicly provided legal assistance and appears to have wanted as little as possible to do with the selection process. The second of the President's three staff lawyers with the title of White House Counsel, Phillip Areeda, wanted and was denied a major role in the process. He briefly reviewed an interim list of prospective nominees and was appalled by some of the people on it. He had just begun to revise it when he either perceived that the effort was hopeless or was abruptly detached from the operation — both explanations are given at the White House with approximately equal authority. The President's staff chief, Donald Rumsfeld, a former OEO director who in the first Nixon years had much to do with legal services and fired one of the OEO Legal Services directors for what Rumsfeld considered to be insubordination and excessive zeal, was said on the best possible authority to have bowed out of the process and to have turned the whole thing over to Areeda. This simply was not true. Next to Dean Burch, the assistant who was most involved was

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William Walker, Rumsfeld's appointee as head of the Presidential Personnel Office.

The most revealing and least noticed aspect of the entire business was what happened — or didn't happen — to John Cummiskey, a Grand Rapids attorney and specialist in labor law who is a friend of Buchen's and considers himself to be "a friend and a very strong supporter" of the President. Cummiskey happens to be the only known friend of Gerald Ford who is experienced in and strongly advocates effective legal aid for the poor. He participated in legal aid service in Grand Rapids, the President's hometown, long before federally funded legal assistance was thought of. He headed the American Bar Association's Committee on Legal Aid and Indigent Defendants from 1961 to 1966 and, as a member of the ABA's board of governors from 1968 to 1971, was among the many ABA leaders who vigorously supported an effective federal program. He urged President Nixon to sign the 1974 bill and to appoint directors who genuinely believe in publicly supported legal services. He has not been invited to express his views directly to President Ford and has not done so. He has told his friend Philip Buchen of his desire to be a member of the new Legal Services Corporation board. Cummiskey was not on the list of prospective nominees announced on December 19 and at this writing has had no indication that he will be on the revised list which — as will shortly be explained — is being prepared. According to a White House assistant who was closely involved in putting together the December list, Cummiskey's name was on a preliminary list for a while last September and October and was stricken from it on orders from "surprisingly high authority." I conclude but have not been told that the President had his friend Cummiskey's name removed from the list.

Three people on the December list of intended nominees utterly outraged legal services advocates and activists. They were Denison Kitchel, an Arizona attorney and friend of Burch and Senator Goldwater, who was the President's choice for chairman of the new board; William L. Knecht of California, who was proposed for the board by Governor Reagan and had spearheaded Reagan's fight to eviscerate legal services in California; and Edith Green, who retired from Congress at the end of its last session. These choices were "balanced," as Mr. Ford would say, by several prospects who were thoroughly acceptable to true believers in federal legal services. Among the applauded choices were William T. Coleman, Jr., a respected and black Philadelphia attorney; Dean Abraham Goldstein of the Yale Law School; and Revius O. Ortique, Jr., a black attorney in New Orleans who is president of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association, the principal organized advocate of strong legal services. But the balance was not enough to satisfy legal services supporters who in other matters are as conservative as the President is. One such is William T. Gossett of Detroit, a past president of the ABA and attorney for the Ford Motor Company. Gossett declared his emphatic objections to the December list in a recent conversation with Philip Buchen and in letters to Buchen and the President.

The outcome of the December announcement was closer to farce than tragedy. Denison Kitchel, aged 66, was told — he really was, I'm assured — by his ear doctor that he was too deaf to serve and thereupon asked the President to withdraw his name. Dean Goldstein withdrew because (he says) he's starting a sabbatical year this spring and won't be around during the corporation's formative period. The President nominated William Coleman to be Secretary of Transportation, thereby disqualifying him for service on the board. Benito Moliero Lopez, Jr., a partner in the eminent New York law firm of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer and Wood, who was the last man put on the list and got there principally because Senator Jacob Javits insisted on a New Yorker being on it, withdrew for reasons that nobody at the White House seems to be wholly clear about. Omer W. Franklin, Jr., general counsel to the Georgia State Bar, withdrew ostensibly because his employers required his full-time presence and actually (according to Atlanta supporters of Legal Services) because leaders of the Georgia Bar doubted his fitness for the board. They had long preferred and urged the nomination of Mrs. Betty Knehr, an Atlanta lawyer who has made a career in state-supported legal aid. Edith Green has developed recent doubts that she'd have the time to serve and has written the President to that effect. At the White House on January 27, however, he told a group of civil rights leaders that he was determined to nominate Mrs. Green. At this writing the President's assistants, chiefly Rumsfeld and William Walker, are trying to assemble a revised list that will appear to be less shoddy than the December one but will still be "balanced" in the President's way.

The 1976 Ford budget allows Legal Services, whether still in the Community Services Administration or in the new corporation, the same $71.5 million that it's had since 1973. Congress authorized $90 million for the present fiscal year and $100 million for fiscal year 1976. According to Legal Services officials, the recommended $71.5 million is bound to result in slow strangulation. One gets an impression that this would not acutely pain the President.

Note: Unbeknownst to White House and other officials who told Peter Peckarsky, a contributor to this journal's previous issue, that President Ford had neither sought nor received the indicted John B. Connally's resignation from the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, Connally said in a letter of resignation dated January 16 that he had resigned orally from the board last September 27. President Ford accepted the resignation February 1.

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The Israeli Perspective on Negotiations
Seeking Accommodation

by Stanley Karnow

Jerusalem

Secretary of State Kissinger faces one of the most difficult assignments of his career as he begins another tour through the Middle East this week. For his step-by-step approach to a settlement of the conflict between the Israelis and the Arabs has bogged down, and the prospect of renewed war, though not imminent, will loom large unless he can set the negotiating process in motion again. The increasingly sophisticated weaponry acquired by the Israelis and Arabs over the past year would not only make a fresh war more devastating to the region than the Yom Kippur conflict of 1973, but its international consequences threaten to be cataclysmic. The Arabs would surely reimpose an oil embargo, thereby aggravating the global economic crisis, and the United States and the Soviet Union may be brought back to the brink of confrontation. Moreover another conflagration in this area would resolve nothing, since neither the Israelis nor the Arabs have the capacity to obliterate each other completely, and a new round of fighting would only make the possibility of an eventual accommodation more remote.

Kissinger's most immediate problem, therefore, is to persuade the Israelis and Egyptians to reach a compromise that would at least relax tensions and perhaps make it somewhat easier for Israel and Syria, whose differences are more acute, to come to terms. But even the dispute between Israel and Egypt, which is relatively simple compared to the tangled controversies that lie ahead, is going to test Kissinger's skills as a mediator.

The Israelis may talk tough and sound intransigent, but I have seen Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Foreign Minister Yigal Allon, Defense Minister Shimon Peres and a number of other senior officials here within recent days, and it is clear from our conversations that they are willing to display diplomatic flexibility in order to avoid war. I would not describe them as "doves," since that label lacks the relevance here that it has in the United States. They are confident that they could clobber the Arabs again, as they have repeatedly since 1948, and they are prepared to take the military route if all other avenues are blocked. But they now perceive, for the first time in years, that battlefield triumphs no longer yield political advantages. Looking back on the results of the Yom Kippur war, in which Israel vanquished the Arabs on the ground but did not gain the authority to dictate a settlement, one prominent Israeli said, "we are mourning a victory and the enemy is celebrating a defeat."

I should add that Israeli public opinion, as far as I have been able to measure it in discussions and from reading the newspapers, generally seems to conform to the views of the leadership. I have listened to relentless complaints about high prices, corruption, tax evasion, bureaucratic red tape and government mismanagement, but I have heard nobody recommend that Israel ought to placate the Arabs unilaterally. With all their troubles the Israelis appear to me to remain intensely resolute, and although they emphasize that they would rather negotiate than fight, especially after the heavy losses they sustained in 1973, they make it plain that they will fight if there are no alternatives to negotiations.

So as much as the Israelis want to negotiate, they feel that they cannot accede to Arab demands that they withdraw from the territories they took from Egypt in the Sinai Peninsula and from Syria in the Golan Heights unless they are given concessions adequate to assure their security. This picture is complicated, however, by an assortment of other elements. Rabin's room for maneuver may be limited not only by his rivalry with Defense Minister Peres, who has considerable domestic influence and tends toward a hard line, but by the religious party, which is cool to conciliation and upon which the coalition cabinet relies for survival. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who is presumed to be receptive to a compromise, may also be constrained by his aggressive military establishment as well as by Syria, which fears that a separate deal between Israel and Egypt would weaken its position, and by the Palestine Liberation Organization, whose future depends on the perpetuation of a cohesive Arab struggle against the Israelis. Nobody in his right mind believes that all the pieces of this puzzle can be fitted together to produce peace. But Kissinger's task will be to explore the chances of a minimal accord that may, at best, buy the time during which other agreements gradually can be shaped. The Israelis are going along with the strategy for the moment even though they are starting to indicate doubts about its potential effectiveness.

To understand the present diplomatic deadlock it is necessary to reach back to December, when Foreign Minister Allon visited Washington. At that time the

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Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev was scheduled to go to Cairo, and Kissinger was concerned that he might tempt Sadat to repair Egypt's strained relations with Moscow. What particularly worried Kissinger was the possibility that Sadat would agree to a resumption of Soviet military aid to Egypt in exchange for shelving the step-by-step approach in favor of a return to the Geneva conference, where all the Arab states would be represented and where the Russians could play a visible role. Anxious to avert that possibility, Kissinger sought to convince Sadat that the piecemeal process was still workable, and he suggested to the Israelis that they come up with recommendations that could be presented to Egypt. The Israelis had misgivings about negotiating against the deadline of the Brezhnev trip, but Allon nevertheless appeared in Washington with a plan. He said that Israel would evacuate parts of the Sinai if Egypt agreed to make a series of political concessions that would in effect create a situation of *de facto* nonbelligerency between the two countries and, he added, the more concessions offered by Sadat the more territory the Israelis would cede. Without delineating lines on a map to designate possible Israeli withdrawals, Allon called among other things for a longer mandate for the United Nations force that patrols the cease-fire boundary, the demilitarization of lands to be vacated by the Israelis, the right for Israeli shipping to pass through the Suez Canal, an end to Egypt's economic boycott that blacklists firms dealing with Israel, and a pledge to refrain from war for five or six years.

Sadat rejected this package, but he expressed a willingness to continue negotiating, and in Kissinger's view that was somewhat encouraging. Kissinger was further encouraged when Brezhnev abruptly cancelled his Cairo visit, probably because Sadat refused beforehand to support the return to Geneva and also rebuffed the Soviet request that new shipments of arms be accompanied by Russian technicians. At this point Kissinger felt that Sadat might make a clean break with the Kremlin, and in order to propel him in that direction, he wanted Israel to outline in detail what areas of the Sinai it would give up. Allon returned to Washington in January, but again he declined to be specific about the territories Israel would cede. His reluctance, he reportedly told Kissinger, was based on uncertainties about Sadat, since the Egyptian leader had begun to say publicly that no deal was possible unless Israel simultaneously pulled out of occupied Egyptian, Syrian and Jordanian lands within three months. Allon thereupon asked Kissinger to undertake a new "exploratory" mission to Cairo and elsewhere in the Middle East to ascertain what Sadat and the other Arabs really want and what they are willing to concede. Exploration, then, will be Kissinger's main purpose, and the obstacles he is expected to encounter were already apparent before he departed from Washington, as Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko rushed into the region to persuade Syria to join in a statement insisting that the Geneva conference be reopened within a month and feature Russian "participation" as well as representation by the Palestine Liberation Organization.

COMING: Where Governments
Go to Church—
a critique of the UN
by Shirley Hazzard

Meanwhile, sensing the pressure building up, the Israelis are casting around for other options in the event that Kissinger fails to discover new possibilities. One high-level Israeli official is currently floating the idea that Israel ought to drop the package of proposals proferred by Allon and simply offer to withdraw from the Sinai in exchange for a promise by Sadat to observe a long-term truce. According to this notion, Israel would trade space for time, and calibrate the amount of territory it would cede to the number of years Sadat would be willing to agree to a cessation of hostilities. The thinking behind this scheme is that a halt to shooting would ultimately lead to political understanding as the Israelis and Egyptians find it in their interest to do business together. Other Israelis are also putting forth new ideas, and, surprisingly enough, Defense Minister Peres and the hardliners are now beginning to submit that a revival of the Geneva conference might be preferable to Kissinger's piecemeal policy. As partisans of this recommendation outline it, a Geneva meeting could bind the Arabs to a set of principles that would recognize the existence of the state of Israel and pledge respect for peace and, this thesis goes, the details of a step-by-step approach involving the actual demarcation of borders would follow. Advocates of the return to Geneva are a mixed bag, and their motives are varied. The right-wingers may feel that a Geneva conference would be doomed from the start, and that its early collapse would clear the way for Israel to launch a preemptive strike. Some Soviet specialists here contend that the Russians are really a force for restraint in the Middle East, and should be allowed to take part in the negotiations. I also detect a growing impatience with the fact that the Rabin government has delegated its diplomatic franchise to Kissinger, and since he has so far not performed miracles, Israel might be no worse off in dealing directly with its adversaries.

Amid all this there is the discernible concern here as well that the United States may not maintain its commitment to Israel indefinitely. Sen. Charles Percy

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of Illinois, who toured the Middle East recently, returned home the other day to charge that Israel is being too stubborn and should not expect the kind of automatic assistance it has been given by Congress in the past. Those words were interpreted by Israelis as an augury, and it has reinforced those among them who argue for greater tractability. Rabin, however, is still sticking to the Kissinger program of gradual progress, and as I understand it his policy is to stretch out the negotiations as long as possible in the hope that, in time, the Arab oil weapon will become increasingly less frightening as the West develops new sources of energy and can back Israel without risking economic problems.

But even if Israeli suppleness somehow moves Sadat to an agreement, he has asserted that Syria must soon be folded into the bargain, and that poses a challenge. For the Sinai Peninsula is vast enough for Israel and Egypt to make territorial deals, but the Golan Heights, over which the Israelis and Syrians are squabbling, is a difficult place for a compromise, for two reasons. First, it is only 15 miles wide at its broadest point, which means that it cannot be easily cut up. And secondly, it is a flat plateau across which a Syrian armored unit could speed to menace Israel's fertile Hula Valley.

The Israelis make a point of taking visitors up to the Golan Heights in order to dramatize its importance, and after spending a day there last week, I can appreciate their perspective on the area. The Golan is a sparsely populated and cheerless expanse of arid land, but the Israelis insist that they must occupy it as a way of protecting the heart of their country. Thus they have fortified its few hills with lonely outposts whose contingents could, in case of war, delay the enemy and signal an attack to larger forces. I was driven to one of these outposts, known only as position 109, where a group of young Israeli soldiers commanded by a 21-year-old lieutenant looked across the desolate landscape to the Syrian boundary two miles away. The lieutenant insisted that the region had to be held to guarantee Israel's safety, and I heard the same explanation a couple of hours later at Merom Golan, a paramilitary settlement that struck me as a version of early American stockades. The occupants of Merom Golan are young Israelis and their families, and they are constantly on the alert. They are armed and in close contact with the Israeli army, and they put their children into underground shelters at the slightest hint of trouble. Several of these settlements have been built in the Golan Heights, and besides serving as early warning systems, they apparently exist in order to fly the Israeli flag over a contested zone. In addition, it seems to me, they have a political purpose. For their implantation, evidently with the blessing of more hawkish elements here in Jerusalem, is going to make it harder for the government to give up territory to Syria without courting a hue and cry. But whether the government is really hostage to these settlements remains to be seen. Some officials say privately that they are negotiable, and a leading Israeli political scientist, who tends to minimize the impact of public opinion on the government's autonomy of action, argues that opposition to concessions is transient if the diplomatic advantages can be demonstrated. As evidence he points to the fact that a majority of Israelis objected to giving up the town of Kuneitra to Syria during the disengagement bargaining last year, and that a majority approved of the decision two months afterward.

The government is more sensitive to the fate of the West Bank of the Jordan River, the third contested region, and it is committed to holding an election before the area's status is determined. After having failed to negotiate with King Hussein of Jordan on the issue of the West Bank after occupying it in 1967, the Israeli leaders would like to work out a deal with Hussein on the zone in order to undercut the claim of the Palestine Liberation Organization to govern it. I plan to go into the question of Israel's relations with Jordan in a forthcoming report from Amman, and all I will mention here is that I wandered around the West Bank one day last week, and contrary to many accounts, it is as peaceful as a churchyard. The Israeli military occupation appears to be benign, and one Arab told me that he hopes it will continue, since he earns good money working in a textile factory near Tel Aviv, to which he commutes daily. Other West Bankers I saw, however, vehemently came out for an independent Palestinian state or, barring that, affiliation with Jordan, and some openly expressed their sympathy with the Palestine Liberation Organization. A wealthy landowner told me that independence and a link to the Arab world would permit him to sell his agricultural produce in Syria and Iraq, and a rich contractor who formerly lived in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, contended that Palestinians should not live under "foreign domination." In contrast to the days of Golda Meir, who did not recognize the potency of Palestinian nationalism, the problem of the Palestinians is now recognized by the Israelis as a vital question even though, with a few exceptions, they overwhelmingly rule out talks with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Rabin and other Israeli leaders appear to believe that they can skirt the Palestinian dilemma in their negotiations with Egypt, but that may be wishful thinking.

It may also be wishful thinking to suppose that Kissinger can emerge from his trip around the region with solid enough offers to keep his step-by-step approach on track. In a sense, his tour is a salvage operation, and the odds against its success are heavy. I am not so pessimistic as to forecast that his failure will trigger war, since the Geneva conference is an alternative time-buying device even if it is not a guaranteed instrument for peace. But buying time in itself is no assurance that a conflict can be averted. It is only the least dangerous tactic in an explosive situation.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Galileo

(American Film Theatre)

Woman Films

Imagine Albert Finney as Brecht's Galileo. You'll *have* to imagine it, because instead of Finney, who would have been wonderful, or Alec Guinness or Trevor Howard or Richard Burton or others, the American Film Theatre gives us Topol. *Topol!* The fellow who wasn't quite able to handle Tevye in the film of *Fiddler on the Roof* — cast in one of the richest male parts in the 20th-century repertory.

It's a great pity. When I read that the AFT was going to film Brecht's play, directed by Joseph Losey who did a US theater production in 1947, I felt a throb of anticipation. When I read later that Topol would play the leading role, I grabbed for a thread of hope. Snap. Topol spends so much of his time struggling with the English language and pumping up vitality to conceal the fact that he's not naturally a very vital actor, there isn't much chance left to embody the rough, rumbling-minded, sly genius whom Brecht drew so brilliantly.

Losey has made the screen adaptation with Barbara Bray, based on the version of the play by Charles Laughton. I won't go into the complicated matter of the various versions of the play, except to note that Laughton's version, on which he collaborated with Brecht in Hollywood from 1944 to 1947, is a post-atomic-bomb version, with adjustments made by Brecht in the utterances about a scientist's responsibility. Losey follows the questionable custom of omitting the play's final scene, in which Galileo does not appear, so that the film ends with emphasis on the protagonist instead of on the theme. I don't understand why the final word, spoken by Galileo's daughter as she looks up and comments on the stars that night, should have been changed from "bright," which is tonally fine, to "clear," which is a weatherman's word.

None of the cast is outstandingly good, though Michael Lonsdale as the Pope and Edward Fox as the Cardinal Inquisitor slash in a little color. The best moment is the famous dressing-of-the-Pope scene. Some of the cast, like the daughter and the Little Monk, are outstandingly poor. Clive Revill and Georgia Brown, as ballad singers, try to liven up the street bacchanal in which the harmful effect of Galileo's liberating ideas is seen, but you know what film bacchanals are like.

Losey has kept the film's movement reasonably limber, using the device from the original production of three choirboys to sing the connecting statements between scenes. His usual designer Richard MacDonald has worked nimbly within an apparently strict budget. The whole feeling is something like a modestly produced star touring-show. Without the star.

As for Brecht's play, it remains one of the paradoxes of 20th-century drama. Everyone knows it's very inaccurate historically, yet it dramatizes monumentally a great moment in history. Some of its characters (*e.g.*, the rich bourgeois) are such patent symbols that they are almost pageant figures, yet the conflicting forces of that period are strongly felt. Brecht uses a long build-up to a theatrical pay-off — the ringing of the bell to announce Galileo's recantation — yet that mechanism is just as effective as the comparable mechanism of Kattrin's drum-roll in *Mother Courage*. And to cap everything, *Galileo* is as "epic" as anything Brecht ever wrote in his celebrated Epic Style — to distance and disturb the audience — yet it operates on our emotions in just the way that Brecht did not want. Lionel Trilling wrote in his comments on the play: "The theater, it would seem, has autonomous powers which are not to be controlled by the theory of even so gifted a dramatist as Brecht."

Those powers could have operated in this film with a good Galileo. As is, the AFT's second season is off to a shaky start.

Everyone and his brother — or her sister — has noted the recent lack of American films about women and of female stars. Two new films, presumably trying to fill the gaps, only emphasize them.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Warner Bros.) was written by Robert Getchell, stars Ellen Burstyn, and was directed by Martin Scorsese (who did *Mean Streets*). It starts with a film-school joke: a parody of fake outdoor settings as per Hollywood studios c. 1935, with a small girl (Alice) using profane language in the syrupy setting. Then a time lapse. The girl is now woman and mother married to a nasty truck driver in New Mexico. He is killed in an accident. Alice and her 11-year-old son start out for California where she can try to resume her interrupted nightclub singing career.

The script is apparently meant to show us the victimization of women by the roles that men assign to them, and of one woman's attempt to fight back. But how many women's lives are represented by a mediocre singer who takes to the road with her son, gets a job in a tacky club, has to leave town because of her sexual involvement with a psychotic, moves on, and in another town finds happiness with a solid young divorced rancher? What relation has this script, even as heightened dramatization, to the questions that are now disturbing many women? Getchell's script is Hollywood junk, new style. A patina of modernity, in language and sexual behavior, is laid over a carpentered-up series of old Joan Crawford scenes. Glittery Trash.

Ellen Burstyn performs quite capably as Alice, but she lacks the personality to be a star. A very good actress, concerned with the integrity of what she does, she simply doesn't have any dimensions beyond her acting ability. It's cruel because there's nothing about her to dislike. (Streisand, whom I do dislike, is

(*continued on page 34*)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's exquisite memoirs of his hometown — a lyric about much that isn't lyrical.

Lenny. Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine and Bob Fosse all shine above the script they had to work with.

Murder on the Orient Express. All-star cast in Agatha Christie. Little suspense, lots of corny pleasure.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman crammed his 300-minute TV series into 180 minutes, but most of it is absolutely superb.

SK

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The Most Powerful Painter

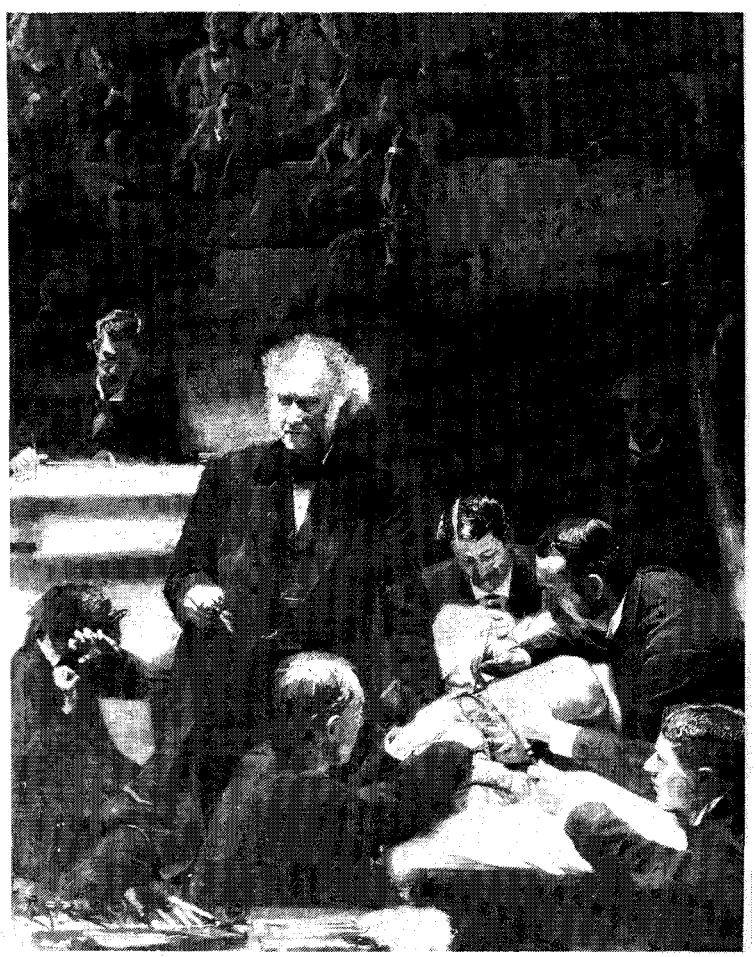
The Life and Work of Thomas Eakins by Gordon Hendricks

Viking; $37.50)

About 1917, several years after I came to his country, I had saved enough money o buy a volume of the *Klassiker der Kunst* on Rembrandt. In the early 1920s my brother Moses Soyer sent me from Paris ny first book on Degas by Paul Jamot. In 1933 I bought Lloyd Goodrich's biography, *Thomas Eakins*. Since then I have acquired many books on hese three artists, some of hem attractive, costly, ush, full of jazzed-up color eproductions, but none as influenced me as much as those three early, modest books. I still have them, and although my eyes are not as sharp as they were, I still like to leaf through hem occasionally. The German and French texts I am unable to read, but the Goodrich book I have read several times.

I was asked to review his new book by Gordon Hendricks on the day the Centenary Exhibition of mpressionism opened at he Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the paintings in the exhibition is *The Cotton Exchange*, painted by Degas in New Orleans in 1873, which the critic in *The New York Times* (December 14, 1974) calls "the most beautiful picture ever painted in America." This exhibition contains not only paintings of the mpressionists but also work by their nonimpressionist contemporaries to point out the innovations made by Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, even Degas and Manet, and also to show the existence of other tendencies in painting.

Besides these French pictures there are two rooms of the so-called American impressionists: Twachtman, Robinson, Childe Hassam, etc. Just as nonimpressionists were included in this exhibition—Cabanel, Bastien Lepage, Reignault—the greatest nonimpressionist of the impressionist era, Thomas Eakins' masterpiece, *The Gross Clinic*, could have been included. It was painted at about the same time as *The Cotton Exchange* and if *The Cotton Exchange* is



"the most beautiful painting ever painted in America," then certainly *The Gross Clinic* is the most powerful painting ever painted in America (see above). In 1917 Henry McBride, art critic of the *New York Sun* wrote: "The portrait of Dr. Gross is not only one of the greatest pictures to have been produced in America, but one of the greatest pictures of modern times anywhere."

This praise by McBride was written after the death of Eakins. No full-length article about him appeared anywhere in his lifetime. When he died *The Art News* wrote: "Poor Eakins, he had to die to get a page in the Sunday papers." While he was alive, from the time *The Gross Clinic* was exhibited, his art was attacked or ignored, but seldom praised. No wonder he bitterly complained: "My honors are misunderstanding, persecution and neglect, enhanced because unsought."

Since Lloyd Goodrich's book in 1933, many articles have appeared in various periodicals, and catalogs of occasional exhibitions of Eakins' paintings were written, some again by Goodrich. John Canaday, in a well illustrated article in *Horizon* (Autumn 1964) called him "probably the greatest American painter, and certainly one of the greatest 19th century painters on any acceptable international list." Not until 1959, however, was there another full book, Fairfield Porter's *Thomas Eakins*. Recently there has been a rash of books: *Eakins* by Sylvan Schendler (1967), *Eakins' Watercolors* by Donelson F. Hoopes, *Photographs of Thomas Eakins* by Gordon Hendricks (1972), and now this encompassing new book by Hendricks.

Like that of the new breed of art historians, Hendricks' writing is "cool," objective, factual. His idea of a biography of Eakins is contrary to Eakins' own conception of his life. In the well known letter to an editor of a biographical dictionary, Eakins sums up his life and ancestry in a few words, and ends with: "For the public I believe my life is all in my work." In Hendricks' book the multitudinous minor details about Eakins' pictures, personal life, family relationships with cousins, uncles and aunts tend to militate against the wholeness of his book, and weaken it. There is very little analysis of Eakins' work, which meant so much to me in the writings of Goodrich, Porter and John Canaday. And when Hendricks does express an opinion I often disagree with it, because I find it contradicted by Eakins' work itself. For instance Hendricks says: "Eakins had generally had his greatest success with portraits of men rather than women." But the portraits of Mrs. Eakins in the Hirshhorn Museum, and the one of Amelia Van Buren in the Phillips

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Collection in Washington are as great as the portraits of Dr. Gross and Dr. Agnew. In John Canaday's opinion the Van Buren picture "may well be the finest of all American portraits."

Another point of disagreement: Hendricks claims the late version of *William Rush* (1908) "shows fatigue, carelessness and boredom, and little of the spirit that made the painter the artist he showed himself to be in the earlier." I agree with Fairfield Porter: "The second and third versions of *William Rush* are more relaxed than the first one. His last paintings are freest, without any sacrifice of his sure drawing."

Hendricks' chief contribution to our knowledge of Thomas Eakins is the letters, which make the book important, many more in this book than in any of the others I have mentioned above. These letters, beginning with the early ones to his parents from Europe, and those to some of the people whom he painted, to his students, as well as his correspondence with the art establishment of his time, present a portrait of the man and the artist. There is a wonderful letter in which he refused an invitation to talk to a club for workingmen, repeating a previous comment that an artist's appeal to the public is through his work and shows his sensitivity to the feelings of working people and his regard for their intelligence: "The working people from their close contact with physical things are apt to be more acute critics of the structural qualities of pictures than the dilettanti themselves, and might justly resent patronage."

There are also descriptions of and letters about Eakins not found in other books. One of them, by Harrison Morris who posed for him, gives us a precious glimpse of Eakins at work: "I stood day after day while he patiently transcribed me, for his method stuck closely to the object; and I watched his large underlip, red and hanging, his rather lack-lustre eyes, with listless lids; his overalls of blue, and his woolen undershirt, the only upper garment." This description gives a more vivid picture of him than the many photographs in this book.

Artist Elizabeth Burton, a former student of Eakins, whose portrait he painted in 1906 (and by the way, one of my favorite Eakins portraits) writes much later to the Minneapolis Museum of Art, which had acquired her portrait. She describes Eakins' gift:

> *His way of giving the portrait was characteristic of his generous, loving heart. After I had gone so far away to live, Mother wrote me that Mr. Eakins appeared at our home one afternoon, with the picture under his arm, handed it to her and said with his usual gentle simplicity: "I thought you might like to have it, Mrs. Burton, now that Elizabeth has gone."*

In calling this book an encompassing one I had in mind Hendricks' inclusion of Eakins' interest and work in photography, sculpture, anatomy and perspective. To me however, Eakins is the great American painter, head and shoulders above all others, and so I limit this review to his paintings.

One comment on the illustrations in this book: the black and white pictures are small, with too many placed on one page. There is hardly a distinction between the reproduction of a painting and a photograph. They are all dull and lusterless. It seems to me that there are too many photographs in this book, especially since Hendricks has devoted an entire book to Eakins' photography.

Some of the color reproductions are quite good and some, as it often happens with color plates, are awful. For some reason (negligence?) two color reproductions, the self-portrait in the frontispiece and *Lady with a Setter Dog* (plate 32) are facing the wrong way.

On the whole Hendricks is a valuable addition to the literature on the artist. It contains a comprehensive, illustrated checklist of Eakins' life work, a full bibliography, and interesting notes to the text, but sadly, it lacks the warmth of the book by Lloyd Goodrich.

Raphael Soyer

Raphael Soyer is the eminent American artist, and author, most recently, of *Self-Revealment* (Random House, 1969).

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Crisis Now

The Energy Balloon by Stewart Udall, Charles Conconi and David Osterhaut

(McGraw-Hill; $7.95)

Once the oil embargo ended in 1974 the administration described the previous oil crisis as a "one-time, short-time problem." Oil consumption stayed steady despite sharply higher prices. There appears to be an inelastic demand for oil in America, not because people want to pay ever higher prices, but because American society gives the average citizen no choice: he must heat his single family house, drive to work from the suburbs, work in an energy-wasting office or factory, then drive home again. This sets the scene for an American tragedy: a civilization dependent on a disappearing resource, which so far has demonstrated the adaptability of a brontosaurus.

In November 1973 Richard Nixon said: "There are only six percent of the people of the world living in the United States, and we use 30 percent of all the energy. That isn't bad; that is good. That means we are the richest, strongest people in the world. That is why we need so much energy, and may it always be so."

His statement expressed a consensus this is what America wished for itself Our civilization and affluence were unique — unique, we flattered ourselves to think, in technological and moral superiority. Whereas in fact we were unique primarily in our ability to obtain cheaply and use profligately boundless amounts of oil and gas. By 1974 over three-quarters of our energy came from oil and natural gas. So the authors of *The Energy Balloon* rightly assert that solving our "energy crisis" requires conservation of those two vanishing resources and using other energy sources for the long term.

Such is our historical perspective that what we have now seems always to have been, and as it forever will be. If we look at the 1950s of *American Graffiti*, the cult of the car culture, it only confirms that view. In the '50s America had half the cars in the world, used up over half

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of the gasoline. Between 1918 and 1955, the number of automobiles increased eightfold. Fuel consumption, however, increased 20 times, because of longer trips, heavier cars and blooming suburbia.

Until 1885 over half of the energy used in America came from wood, water power and wind. These resources were supplanted by cheap coal, which provided 78 percent of the country's energy needs by 1907. The first oil well did not go into production until 1859, and by 1905 petroleum was only supplying 10 percent of the country's fuel needs. Henry Ford's Model T and the rise of the internal combustion engine quickly created the Petroleum Age. By 1925 the US was supplying 71 percent of the world's oil.

"The golden age of oil" was the 1940s and 1950s. In the mid-'50s the US pumped half of the world's oil from our own fields and consumed nearly all of it at home. One-fifth of the proven world resources was here. It was a heady period. Resources discovered abroad by American companies were added to "our" oil resources. By the 1960s American production peaked; by 1973 the US was importing 38 percent of its oil, consuming 30 percent of the total world supply. By then the US had only five percent of proven world resources.

Effects on the US economy resulting from the change from cheap oil to expensive oil have already created a depression that is serious but not as ominous as the attendant changes in American industry, which has become a deceptive model for ourselves and others. The poor nations, patterning their development on America, did not comprehend the crucial importance of cheap fossil energy. Their hopes for economic progress will disappear; they will be the spearbearing advance patrol into the Age of Scarcity. Had they continued their oil-based progress plans, however, their tragedy might have been even greater. "In an industrialized food system, from twenty-five to five hundred times more energy must be used to produce one unit of energy in the form of food than in primitive cultures. If all nations copied our agricultural example, nearly four-fifths of present world energy supplies would have to be devoted to food production."

This book comes at a fortunate time, coinciding with the debate now in the capital between the forces of the President and Congress. Its strength lies in its saying unequivocally that we are in an immediate crisis. The President and

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Congress say they agree, but the President is relying on higher prices to halt an apparently inelastic demand, while Congress is more interested in criticizing Ford's remedies than in producing a comprehensive alternative.

The authors state simply a proposed energy policy: "It is the policy of the United States to use energy resources with the highest degree of efficiency, and to conserve energy whenever and wherever possible." Strictly applied, such a formulation would revolutionize American society: manufacturing, transportation, construction and the energy business itself. It would call for massive use of solar and wind energy, a drastic reduction of oil and natural gas consumption.

American reaction to such proposals has been to consider how to seize safely Mideastern oil, or just to pay more for more and more oil. The problem is profound. Returning to 1970 prices and consumption habits here and elsewhere would only marginally forestall the calamitous end of oil and natural gas. We would enjoy only the pleasure that comes from postponing the needed operation for another week. Nor do politicians wish to speak the unspeakable. "The politics of 'more' must give way to a new politics of national thrift." Only "pie in the sky" will be larger. The real pie will be smaller.

There is so far no answer to this argument. There will, nonetheless, be a good deal of floundering. Politicians will call on our oil companies or new government agencies to expand production in every conceivable place. The oil companies themselves, according to the Federal Energy Administration, have cut their plans to increase domestic refining capacity by 22 percent. They know something. The punctured energy balloon will not rise again.

Robert J. Myers

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Prisoners of War

They Chose Honor by Lewis Merklin, Jr.

(Harper & Row; $8.95)

The Vietnam war seems light years away. Its victims are dead or safely put away; others run for high office. A prolific sociologist looks back at those fiery years in the Op-Ed pages of *The New York Times* and broods over the moral arrogance of—get this—the peaceniks.

For these reasons Lewis Merklin's splendid study of a number of draft resisters sentenced to federal prison in Lompoc, California is important. It is a thoughtful work, graceful and even at times elegant in style, containing the sentiments of a young US Public Health Service doctor who cooperated with the draft in 1967-69 but was nonetheless obviously sympathetic with many inmates, and especially the resisters. *They Chose Honor*, subtitled *The Problem of Conscience in Custody*, deserves to be read, not because it sides with "good" people but because it is a fine study of prison life, prison staffs and a few young men who were sacrificed by the smug fools in Washington who thought they had the firepower to shake the world. Read together with Willard Gaylin's equally excellent book of several seasons ago, *In the Service of Their Country*, we have now two quintessential explanations of the imprisoned conscientious objector.

Some of the most rewarding portions of the book deal with the prison employees: the guards (who loathe the term and prefer, instead, to be called correction officers), the social workers and the federal careerists. Many of the guards were former NCOs, for Lompoc also housed a large air force base. It is relatively simple for military retirees to transfer to the Bureau of Prisons; in that way they can continue to shop and save at post commissaries and receive medical attention at base hospitals at little or no cost. Psychologically, transferring from one uniform to another is also easy. Listening to them talk, Merklin sensed they had "changed jobs but not careers" and that the attraction of officially approved violence together with the "weight of inertia and the need for continuity" brought them into the business of incarcerating human beings.

Case workers were good and bad, ranging from the decent to the paranoid. But for the entire staff there was a tradition of total detachment from the inmates. "It was possible," Merklin writes, for "employees to spend their lives in the shadow of the walls . . . blandly accepting . . . the personnel directives, reorganizations, transfers, boredom and the status quo" and not be affected by the lives of their charges.

Inside Lompoc, violence "was not only condoned" but "openly advocated." Truly violent inmates—Merklin estimates their number at 50—those who threatened both prisoners and staff were not even housed separately. Transvestism and homosexuality flourished, and rapes were common. If, however, someone embraced his wife too passionately in the visiting room he could be sent to The Hole.

This was the world into which the resisters were thrust. "None of them had come to prison thinking he was above the law; indeed, they all came precisely because they felt honor bound to accept its judgment." Typically they were all white but one. Their families, working and middle income, were intact and highly supportive. Two of their fathers had been COs in previous wars but most of the others were war veterans. "Again and again," comments Merklin, "I was to hear how proud they were of their sons."

Two of them will suffice as illustrations: Nick Manos, 27, the only son of Portu-

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guese immigrants: "I had to come here, out of a sense of patriotism. . . . I felt *owed* this country that much." And Calvin Jones, 23, black: "I feel I stood up for what I believed in, but I don't expect anything from them and I know I'm not going to get anything from them."

Merklin writes a memorable epitaph to a remarkable group. "In refusing the draft, they were refusing to be coerced by fear—and in this way they epitomized the courage of a generation."

Arrogance indeed.

Murray Polner

MURRAY POLNER *wrote* No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran *(Holt) and once worked in a prison.*

China Medley

Until a few years ago books on China available to the American public were scarce, and most were academic treatises of interest mainly to specialists. The reason was simple. With the exception of Edgar Snow, whose status was unique, Americans were *persona non grata* in China; those who concentrated on the subject were somewhat like astronomers observing planets from afar. I don't mean to suggest by this that the scholars lacked credibility. Works like *Ideology and Organization in Communist China* by Franz Schurmann, *Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao* by Benjamin Schwartz, *Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture* by Richard Solomon, *America's Failure in China* by Tang Tsou and Stuart Schram's biography of Mao, to mention just a few, are landmark studies of paramount importance. But President Nixon's trip to Peking in early 1972 and the subsequent thaw in Sino-American relations wrought a change. All kinds of Americans armed with pen and camera have been traveling to China, and we now face so many China books that I wouldn't be surprised to see a literary entrepreneur come forth soon with a China digest. I can only guess that the publishers, carried away by the recent Sinophilic euphoria, miscalculated the market. In some ways, though, this proliferation of China books has its compensations, since a few of the works appearing these days are of major significance and many contain at least a nugget or two of value. The half-dozen books in this selection are a fairly representative sampling of the latest China output, and to one degree or another they each make a contribution.

China Perceived
by John Fairbank
(Knopf; $7.95)
Chairman Mao Talks to the People
edited by Stuart Schram
(Pantheon; $10)
A Memoir of China in Revolution
by Chester Ronning
(Pantheon; $10)
The Second Chinese Revolution
by K. S. Karol
(Hill and Wang; $12.95)
More than Herbs and Acupuncture
by E. Grey Dimond
(Norton; $7.95)
China Today
by Joan Lebold Cohen
and Jerome Cohen
(Abrams; $25)

Prof. Fairbank's collection of essays is in a class by itself, reminding us once again of Fairbank's extraordinary role as America's foremost authority on China. Reading these essays, which were written over the past quarter-century, one is prompted to speculate that we might have avoided our tragic mistakes in Korea and Vietnam had official US policymakers heeded Fairbank's wisdom. Here he is as early as 1946, when we were being told that we were supporting the corrupt Chiang Kai-shek regime in order to defend democracy in China, pointing out that the Chinese political tradition was basically authoritarian and that the average Chinese was less concerned with political freedom than with economic survival. Of the two authoritarian systems then locked in civil war, Fairbank said at the time, the Communists were likely to win because they appealed to the needs and desires of the people while the Kuomintang had no higher aim than the preservation of its own power. He further warned against the illusion that the Communist Chinese were puppets of Moscow, and with remarkable prescience he foresaw that "we shall find ourselves eventually expelled from Asia" if we continued to oppose the revolution sweeping the region. Those words may seem to be elementary truisms today, but they sounded like radicalism to the cold warriors of Washington in 1946. Had he not been sheltered at Harvard, Fairbank might have suffered as badly as John Service, John Paton Davies and the other official China experts who assessed the situation similarly.

The most brilliant essays in this collection, I think, are one that analyzes China's foreign policy from a historical perspective and another that explains the anti-Western attitudes of the Communist Chinese. In the first, Fairbank reaches back to the dawn of history to describe how the Chinese developed their preoccupation with the threat from Inner Asia, and how that concern continues in their fear of the Soviet Union. Fairbank emphasizes, moreover, how China's self-sufficiency endowed the Chinese with a sense of ethnocentric superiority that still colors their dealings with the outside world, and his perception that China "will retain a bargaining advantage" because of its "implacable self-esteem" has been borne out in the difficulties we currently encounter in our efforts to promote cultural and other exchanges with Peking. This sense of Chinese exclusivity has been heightened by Communist hostility toward the West, which, Fairbank makes clear, stems from the fact that Western penetration of China depended on the cooperation of the ruling mandarin class. Thus we became a part of a class that was destined for eradication by the revolutionaries. This turned out to be as true in Vietnam as it was in China, and the price we paid for clinging to the *status quo* has been enormous.

Most of the documents in Stuart Schram's compilation of Mao's talks and letters are familiar to China specialists, since many emerged during the Cultural Revolution in unofficial publications put out by the Red Guards. But the new translations here by John Chinnery and Tie Yun are excellent, and they are worth rereading. Mao comes through vividly for what he has always been—a tough, earthy, imaginative, sensitive commander and, as Schram puts it in his introduction, "not the plaster saint worshipped by some of his self-appointed disciples." My only quibble with this book is that it lacks sufficient guidance for the nonspecialist. A brief preface explaining the context of each document would have been valuable.

Chester Ronning is the oldest of Canada's "old China hands." His memoir, spanning the years from his childhood in China before the turn of the century through the present, should have been fascinating. But it is a

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disappointingly uneven book. Ronning is at his best when he relates a personal anecdote, such as his effort in 1946 to negotiate for a building to house the Canadian embassy in Nanking, then China's capital. His references to the Communist Chinese leaders, however, are weak. I'm sure, for example, that Ronning could have painted a more interesting portrait of Chou En-lai, whom he knew well, than the routine description he gives. And why do we get only seven lines on Gen. Morris "Two-Gun" Cohen, the Canadian who served as Sun Yat-sen's bodyguard and later became a rather exotic commercial operative in and around China, ever after the Communists took over?

K.S. Karol's book adds to the growing literature on the Cultural Revolution and it is useful to the extent that much of it is based on interviews Karol conducted in China on his second trip there in 1971. But interestingly enough I find that first-hand interviews do not appreciably strengthen the information available to those of us who tried to narrate the Cultural Revolution from Hong Kong during the latter half of the 1960s. Karol's accounts therefore confirm what we were getting from the Red Guard publications pouring into the British colony. His interpretations may differ from those of the outside "China-watchers," but the Hong Kong community was not a monolith. Karol's stress on the distinctiveness of the Communist experiment in China is nevertheless crucial, and approaching the subject as he does from years in the Soviet Union his book belongs on everyone's China shelf.

So does the more modest effort of Dr. E. Gray Dimond, the American cardiologist, who made three trips to China and played a key role in organizing medical exchanges between the US and China. I am not competent to judge the scientific data gathered by Dr. Dimond during his trips, but it strikes me that he is on solid ground when he suggests that the Chinese experience in dispensing public hygiene to the masses offers us a lesson in equalizing medical care in our own country. Considering that one of Mao's primary objectives has been to shake up the entrenched Chinese bureaucracy, I found Dr. Dimond's medical observation of the bureaucrats he had seen to be intriguing. He discovered that they eat too much, exercise too little, smoke incessantly and are under the same kind of pressures that beset middle management everywhere. As a result, he notes Chinese bureaucracy is being gripped by a new epidemic, atherosclerosis. This indicates more than all the political analyses I have read that, despite Mao's attempts to perpetuate the revolution the mandarins may be surviving in a new disguise.

Joan Lebold Cohen and Jerome Cohen have produced a collection of photo-

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graphs and text that make up a beautiful blockbuster of a book. Mrs. Cohen's pictures are comprehensive rather than dramatic, and Prof. Cohen's words are instructive rather than lyrical. It's the kind of book visitors to China ought to carry with them if they can afford the extra weight allowance.

Stanley Karnow

Old Medicine

If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade by Warren Hinckle

(Putnam; $8.95)

Here, straight from the horse's mouth, is the story of Warren Hinckle in the '60s. As editor and president of *Ramparts*, Hinckle was a sort of Johnny Carson to the new left. He booked all the headline acts, created a few of his own, and kept himself at the center of conversation much of the time. His book reads like a picaresque novel, short on plot, but long on incident and subplot. Fascinating characters appear and reappear at the most convenient times. Philanthropic millionaires regularly ransom the debt-ridden *Ramparts* from the clutches of its creditors. Famous names light the way from page to page like candles on the tables in a cocktail lounge. If I didn't know better I would say the whole thing was a brilliant invention, a satire on the powerlessness and self-involvement of the entire US intellectual establishment during the past decade. There is a lot of funny stuff here: some of it funny to begin with, some of it funny because of Hinckle's ability to see the humor in it, some of it funny because Hinckle, who can never resist a wisecrack, is often genuinely clever. But it is no satire, it is Hinckle trying and, for the most part, succeeding at telling his story straight. That he is trapped in his own vision of himself is no surprise; it is, in a way, admirable. Despite the fact that he credits the Jesuits with inventing him, he is very much his own creation.

The surprise and the sadness of this book is Hinckle's vision of the times. He looks back on the '60s as the first time "the system" was really tested. Two great issues, he says, the struggle for racial equality and the war in Vietnam, tested the system and "the system flunked." Thus the students and others who started the decade in high hopes ended it in disillusionment, a white middle-class viewpoint that is unfortunately shared by many liberal and American intellectuals. Their protests fell on deaf ears, their sacrifices were unappreciated, their good will was betrayed, their politicians were unresponsive. To which one can only say that history is a process that cannot be commanded to change course by a few protest demonstrations. The war in Southeast Asia was not and is not now being fought with printers ink; and no amount of rhetoric is sufficient of itself to win first-class citizenship for black people in this country.

Hinckle emerges from the '60s as the one figure whose innocence remains intact. He is, I imagine, the worthiest example of the McLuhan fallacy about media and message. He broke his hump in those years to surface the truth. His slick little almost-monthly scooped the big-time weeklies and, on occasion, the dailies. But reporting history, even with *Ramparts*' fiercely partisan bias, is not at all the same thing as making it. Journalistic history may reflect or even presage human history, but it is no substitute for it. Life only imitates literature for those of us who have the luxury of choice.

The system hasn't flunked, nor has it succeeded yet either. It was never meant to be perfect, only to perfect itself as it went along. And that is precisely what it has been doing these past 200 years.

Hinckle may be too much the sprinter to take the long view of history, but that is no handicap to his reporting on the people he knew and worked with and those (often the same) people he worked against. His sketches of Jim Garrison, the New Orleans DA, of Howard Gossage, the San Francisco adman, and of Erich Fromm, the grand lama of Cuernavaca, are excellent. So are a dozen other sections of the book. One, the story of *Ramparts*' attempt to get the KGB's evaluation of the Warren Report, is good enough to make a book on its own.

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ALLAN M. KAUFMAN *is senior vice-president of the advertising agency Tinker, Dodge & Delano.*

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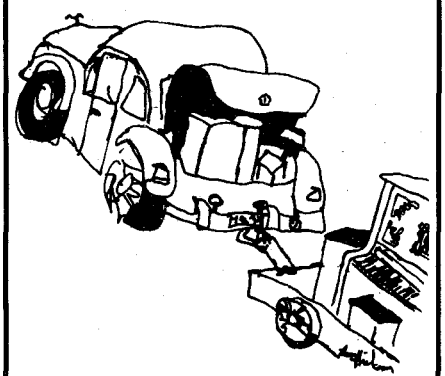

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Kenneth Evett on art

Academic Question

"Academic" has been the meanest epithet in the critical lexicon. The dread label not only called up scarifying visions of 19th-century French Academy suppression, it also implied the unforgivable American cultural sin of being out rather than in. Worse, it strongly suggested a retrograde addiction to the volumetric tonal modeling and spatial systems of the Renaissance. Recently, however, William Bailey, an artist undaunted by such stereotypes, brought to New York an exhibition of paintings that made no bones about being "academic" in the conventional sense, yet, when viewed amidst the trite abstractions and derivative borrowings that line the galleries of uptown Madison Avenue, seemed remarkably fresh.

Bailey, like Cezanne, employs a simple and familiar cast of geometric still-life characters. Secretive, self-contained ovoids, spheres, hemispheres and cylinders populate his canvases in the guise of eggs, bowls, cups and other mundane kitchen containers. The artist carefully disposes these forms on plain, rectangular tables or chests and then contemplates the ensemble from a frontal position, viewing the objects at, or slightly below, eye level. Appropriate to the primal purity of his forms and the directness of his approach, Bailey uses an age-old Mediterranean earth-color palette of umbers, siennas and ochre, with white or blue brought in to modify or enliven his predominantly warm tonalities. In such chromatic systems, value changes, rather than color contrasts, provide the visual excitement, and Bailey develops his subtle gradations of light and dark with masterful finesse. Disdaining the commonplace cotton-duck grounds and cheap all-purpose acrylic pigments of the day, he paints on linen canvas, uses the best oil colors and builds an elegan paint surface skin of impasto layers scumbles and glazes.

For Bailey the visual drama of art de pends on the classic abstract element o proportion. Organizing the precis width, height, nearness or distance o forms in space is his obsession, anc this leads him to the delineation o spatial rhythms and tensions that ar visual metaphors for the very pulse o life. His work yields the unique satisfac tion of classic art—a sense of vita energies in balance, sustained and fi nally resolved in an equilibrium o serene repose. His figure painting however, seems woodenly heavy handed and unconvincing, rather like the work of a 19th-century primitive painter with art school training. The one nude painting in the exhibitior portrays a girl whose left leg is at leas as badly drawn as the right leg o Titian's Danae in the Prado, and while his pencil drawings are much bette constructed and have great refinemen of tone and touch, they immediately call to mind the drawings of Ingres, anc of course, that is tough competition Even so it is a pleasure to look at the work of an artist who dares to invite comparison with the likes of Titian and Ingres, rather than the over promoted and overrated 20th-century abstract expressionist decorators, pop art pranksters, and cautious minimalists who for the moment inhabit the curren American art establishment pantheon

Coincidental with Bailey's heretica exhibition was a more orthodox dis play of the nonobjective canvases o Larry Poons. Poons first attracted at tention in the '60s with a series of out sized paintings animated by littl lozenge-shaped forms. Those com positions paradoxically suggested eithe an esoteric computerized system o design or random chaos, and of course they were painted in the fashion of th time, cool, flat and machinelike. Poon still uses extravagantly large canvases but his formula is different. Now heav impasto acrylic blobs are lined up alon monotonously spaced vertical paths their progress punctuated by acciden talisms induced by improvised wet-on wet paint manipulation. He uses a standard contemporary ploy of th conflict between a safe formal structur (everything going in the same direction and our old favorite American contribu tion and standby—the element of ran dom. These heavy, dirty-colored, non objective images with nothing more t

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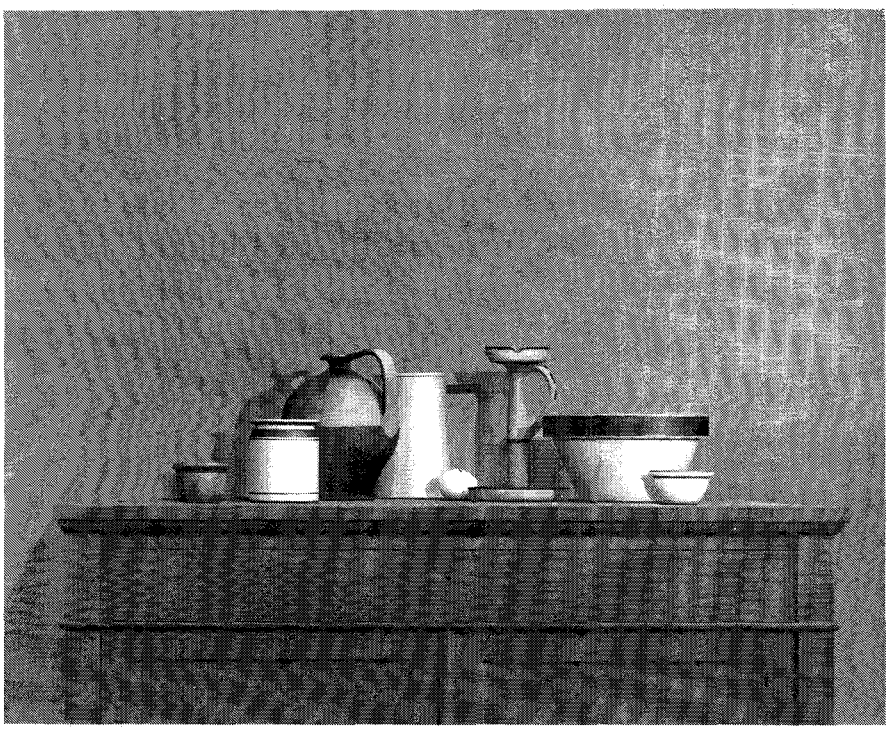
offer than impenetrable surfaces and nultiple titillating chance vibrations of pigment strike me as the nadir of reative imagination and prime examples of the dead-end state of contemporary abstract painting. If the word 'academic" can be used to signify ervile acceptance of an officially sanctioned mode, as well as the process of epeating reliable formulas, Poons' vork fully qualifies for that appellation. While a turnabout switch of meaning nd victims in the academic name-calling game is easy in the case of Poons and Bailey, David von Schlegell's recent how of minimal sculpture resisted such simple setup. At first glance his bare rrangements of granite slabs and stainless steel geometric forms, all properly aid out in the *de rigeur* stance of squating on the floor or rising directly from t, seemed like one more manifestation of what has become a tiresome "acalemic" sculptural cliché. Yet von Schlegell is seriously engaged in the organization of those potent visual fundamentals - scale, space and tactile presence. The limensions of his immaculate forms re sensitively geared to our general uman proportions; they convey an uthentic sense of material substances; nd the diagonal planes, arcs and contrasting axial movements of his constructions not only engage the observer in a heightened awareness of the spatial resonances of his immediate surroundings, they also imply vaster, invisible geometric expansions and space-defining configurations that go far beyond the boundaries of the explicit sculptured forms. The outdoors is obviously the proper environment for such concepts, and von Schlegell's best work has been designed for external sites. Despite the stylistic chasm that seems to divide them, Bailey and von Schlegell (both nominal academics who teach at Yale) are interested in the same fundamental esthetic problems, and both, by quite disparate routes, attain von Schlegell's stated goal—work that achieves "a timeless stillness." That quality, like all the other mysteries of art, transcends the tyranny of pejorative critical and art historical jargon.

Now that roles in the modern art saga of good-guy vanguard heroes versus bad-guy reactionary "academic" villains can be switched around at will, I would as soon retire "academic" from responsible critical discussion altogether, or turn it over for the exclusive use of those last-ditch vanguard warriors and name-callers who don't seem to know that the troops have all gone off in other directions.



W. Bailey: Migianella Still-Life with Jug
Robert Schoelkopf Gallery

Critical Feast

In Radical Pursuit by W.D. Snodgrass

(Harper & Row; $10)

Most collections of essays have about them the odor of leftovers—dishes already served to earlier guests, or not-quite-successful concoctions rescued from the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. It's a pleasure, then, to report that when W.D. Snodgrass turns from poetry *(Heart's Needle, After Experience)* to criticism, he serves up a veritable banquet, full of nourishment and taste.

For the 12 essays which make up *In Radical Pursuit*, unlike the off-duty musings of some poets, are neither superficial chat nor supertechnical obfuscation. Instead, we have here the products of real intelligence, harmoniously ordered and rigorously applied to subjects worthy of it. In an age when *kitsch* and pop culture still mesmerize, it is refreshing to find a critic who, as eight of these pieces demonstrate, is as much at ease with Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante and Homer as he is with such modern masters as Roethke, Ransom, Lawrence and Dostoevsky; in addition, he introduces them to us with four quite personal, and quite fascinating, studies of the creative process itself, as he apprehends it through his own work and that of his contemporaries.

What primarily distinguishes Snodgrass is the sheer originality of his thought; his essays are as full of surprises as his poems. He tells us in the preface that he doesn't write unless he has something new to say, and what might be another man's boast turns out here to be only the literal truth. As a teacher of Shakespeare, I can particularly relish the novelty of Snodgrass' approach to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in "Moonshine and Sunny Beams," which seems to me as fruitful as anything since Northrop Frye's book on the comedies appeared almost 10 years ago. And "Poems About Paintings" gives us not only new insights into Van Gogh, Vuillard, Matisse, Manet and Monet, and a valuable description of the way Snodgrass turns his thoughts and feelings about their works into poems—but also, as a sort of bonus, those poems themselves, which rank with Auden's "Musée de Beaux Arts"

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as examples of their genre. If, at any rate, the measure of good criticism is whether it sends us back to the primary work with a different perspective or a new set of questions, *In Radical Pursuit* certainly catches up with what it's pursuing. I defy anyone to read the essay on Lawrence's story "The Rocking-Horse Winner" without leaping up midway through, as I did, to ransack the bookshelves for a look at the story itself.

Snodgrass' bloodlines lead back to Freud and the "new critics," but not in any slavish way; his prose, always entertaining, is free of the jargon of many psychoanalytic studies and the fussiness of much close textual analysis. At its worst, academic criticism mires us in the work under scrutiny, cutting us off both from the author's inspiration and our own responses to it. At the other extreme, psychoanalysts and their disciples sometimes exalt the author's importance above that of his creation, as though a literary work were just a set of clues to the psychology of its creator, a strategy for disguising his truths instead of his means of revealing them. But *In Radical Pursuit* successfully crosses and recrosses the gulf between art and life—the life which the artist depicts, the life out of which he creates his art, and his own life as well.

For Snodgrass is an artist, and his literary knowledge, taste and intuition are always in evidence, tempering and enriching the analytic disciplines he practices. Thus he grounds his view of the *Inferno* as Dante's self-psychoanalysis in a concrete understanding of medieval history and poetic convention similarly when he traces the relationship between Roethke's poetry and his troubled life, we know that Snodgrass is working as much from the empathy of a fellow poet as from any Freudian postulates about the artist's psyche.

Snodgrass goes to the heart of the matter, even when the matter is his own life. He never spares himself; we learn a great deal about the sort of man he is from these essays, and not all of what he tells us is becoming to him. But the measure of his success is that his own recollections never seem an intrusion upon the works he is illuminating for us. What finally emerges is a man both brilliant and humble, whose personal honesty is no less impressive than his literary gifts.

Richard Horwich

Richard Horwich teaches English at Brooklyn College.

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Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

Everyone has been in **The Three Marias** controversy. Jane Kramer was given the front page of *The New York Times Book Review* (February 2) to effectively push the banned-in-Portugal "new Portuguese letters" out of their natural category, feminist literature. William McPherson in *Book World (Washington Post)* said the book was full of "humid nightmares," "fevered prose," "jejune philosophy" (February 2). Others praised it, as they say, to the skies.

Why the wide disagreement among reviewers? Well, my view is that almost every judgment, no matter how diverse, made on the book is true. It is extravagant, overheated, badly written in some parts, finely written in others, often very touching. It is a strange book to be an international best-seller, because its eroticism is lyrical and old-fashioned, almost quaint at times. The three authors, Maria Isabel Barreno, Maria Teresa Horta and Maria Velho Da Costa, came together to write this book in a kind of consciousness-raising series of meetings. They took their cue from the famous "Letters of a Portuguese Nun," written in the middle of the 17th century by Mariana Alcoforado who wrote to her mother and her lover from a convent detailing her seduction by a French officer who later abandoned her.

Soror Mariana's letters, so burning with passion and resentment, have served as text for the glosses of the three Marias, much as they appear to have inspired Rainer Maria Rilke's passionate and eloquent *Duino Elegies*.

But the young writers' response to the nun's prose is to conjure up a strangely outmoded way of looking at love, or better, of looking at women's role in love. There are no sexual politics here, only rhapsodies and lavish displays of passion, erotic passages that are easy targets for parody. This much discussed book, banned and then translated into several languages, is said, in its publicity, to be "a cry of outrage"; it may be that. But if it is it precedes feminist developments of the last 10 years. The three

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author-Marias were put on trial, faced prison terms, and then were freed by the new Portuguese regime for a book that will shock many only because of its formless approach to the genuine problems that face the world's women now, rather than for the adolescent, groping, overheated displays of narcissism, fantasies that are often dull. The repetitive image of the convent as bedroom, like all borderline eroticism, alternately interests, and bores, and then, somehow, interests the reader again (Doubleday; $10).

When **American Review 22** ($2.45) arrived on my desk I suspended letter-answering and other editorial chores, as always, to read it. There is no doubt whatever: *AR*, edited as all its 21 predecessors have been by Theodore Solotaroff, contains the most interesting new writing being published in America. It is not elitist stuff, nor is it self-consciously regional celebrations. It is a gathering in from all sources—established writers, skillful, unknown writers, every kind of talent except eager amateurs. No forms are barred, every page is a pleasure to discover: this latest is no exception. Robert Coover's novella is first rate; Max Apple's oddball baseball story is very good (although not up to the lovely wit of his "The Oranging of America" (*AR* 19). And Richard Gilman's essay on decadence proves once more that Gilman is one of the best critics and prose stylists writing today.

Any expression of the enduring value of these 22 paperbacks, which have published more than 600 writers since their inception (about 10 percent of them never before published) must include the sad news that Bantam has decided to reduce the number of issues from three to two a year. Solotaroff emphasizes in his introduction that this is happening because of the economic crunch and not through any ill-will toward the magazine-book on the part of the publisher. But it is still a shame that, at a time when more good writing is coming his way than ever (says Solotaroff), publishing opportunities for it are diminishing. I can only join in the regrets and hope that a returning economic prosperity will see *AR* restored to a quarterly. Now that I think of it, a monthly would not be an extravagant or unreasonable hope.

Equally as entertaining as, and more instructive than the recent best-seller, *The Best*, is **The Book of Firsts** by Patrick Robertson (Clarkson N. Potter, $10). Do you want to know when and where the first life insurance policy was taken out (answer: in London, 1583); when and where the first striptease occurred (answer: in Paris of course, 1893); when and where the first income tax was levied (in Florence under Lorenzo de' Medici in 1451); when and where the first civil divorce was granted (in England in 1546, granted by Parliament in order to make lawful the bigamous marriage of Lady Sadleir). The first college to admit full-time women students was Oberlin, in 1833; the first policewoman appeared on the Los Angeles police force in 1910; and the first magazine was the *Mercure Galant*, published in Paris in 1672, primarily concerned with the gossip of the town. A gem of a collection, aptly illustrated and well printed.

Get Your Ass in the Water and Swim Like Me by Bruce Jackson (Harvard University Press; $12.50) is a book of toasts. In case you think that means variations on "Bottoms Up" in Sanskrit or Ugaritic be advised that *toast* in this sense is the word (derivation uncertain) for a narrative poem derived from black American oral tradition. Jackson first heard toasts in 1961 in Indiana State Penitentiary, read an authoritative doctoral thesis by Roger D. Abrahams on the subject, and then began to collect them himself. True folk narratives (authors of these prose narratives are unknown), they are heard most often in jails ("you've run out of regular conversation, and you start to crackin' jokes, telling toasts to pass the time away"), in bars, in hobo camps. They are acted more than recited; they cluster around three subjects: "Stackolee," a badman, a bully of great strength, carrying a pistol, famous for nothing but his foul boasting mouth and drunken bravado; "Signifying Monkey" (a jungle animal-trickster who uses clever word-play, "signifying," to outwit his enemies, the lion, the elephant); and "Titanic." These are curious toasts about the sinking ship and a laborer named Shine who saves himself for a life of sexual and alcoholic excesses.

Some of the late toasts are about junkies, life in migrant camps; and a few stem from life among air force men in World War II. The world of the toast is totally unknown to most persons, was totally unknown to me. It is a mine of humor, wry, verbally coarse, lurid, eye-opening, a sardonic celebration of the kind of life rarely celebrated or recorded.

The Tennis Player Waits for What Waits for the Tennis Player

In the slippery swelter of asphalt,
in a blistering backhand return,
you wait every June, every August
for that stabbing of fate in the elbow,
that first sharp knifing of fact;
and because it comes with a certain
smug angle of the sun,
and because it comes with a bird
turning transparent as truth,
and because it comes with a cry
like preaching in the wind —
you know you are becoming
one of the pure, pale
Others; and you call back
all the grubby friends
of childhood, and command them
to surround your skin with singing.

Philip Appleman

Philip Appleman is a poet who teaches at Indiana University.

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Kauffmann *from page 22*

unquestionably a star.) That blue-eyed blob, Kris Kristofferson, is Mr. Right at the end, a not-very-mod version of that archetypal rock-of-Gibraltar haven for harried women. The son, Alfred Lutter, is needle-nosed and properly annoying, and his dialogue with his mother, love by litigation, is Getchell's best writing. The most interesting character is the psychotic, played by Harvey Keitel (of *Mean Streets*). The revelation of the mental crevasses under the winning surface is scary.

If Scorsese ever makes up his mind not to flog at a picture he's making, he might become a good director. But he won't let anything just happen; he has to *do* something to everything, usually with hand-held camera. Early on, this gave me a slightly seasick feeling, which never quite left. Possibly this is why the dominant tone of the film for me was insecurity. Not Alice's, the filmmakers'.

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York (Paramount) is only half right. Dead, man. It doesn't even have the contemporary pretensions of *Alice*, it's simply a gloppy old story — something like *Love with the Proper Stranger* (1963) — made Jewish and freely copulative. Sheila, a schoolteacher from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, comes to the Big Town for Life and right away sleeps with a man whom her prettier roommate then cops, but, after rather more downs than ups, true love wins through.

This trash doesn't even glitter. Boy and girl meet cute, part cute, and remeet cute (at a recording studio where he makes his love inside to Sheila who is in the control booth). The script, by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent, is full of fake set-ups (like a party to which a lot of men and no women are invited). The direction by Sidney J. Furie trowels on emphases (hair-rollers and pigeon toes for Sheila) and diddles seriousness (some deep-focus composition à la Renoir which Furie doesn't have the guts to stuck with).

The Sheila is Jeannie Berlin who was the homely first wife in *The Heartbreak Kid* and who here exemplifies the mimetic fallacy. An unattractive actress plays a girl who is supposed to be ungainly and unattractive. During her dark days we are meant to have convictions of truth and inner beauty in her. It doesn't happen. Berlin is an extremely limited vernacular actress with extremely limited appeal. We can understand why she loses all through but not why she wins at the end.

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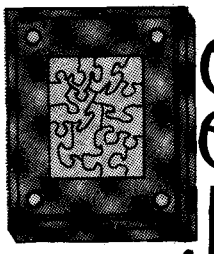

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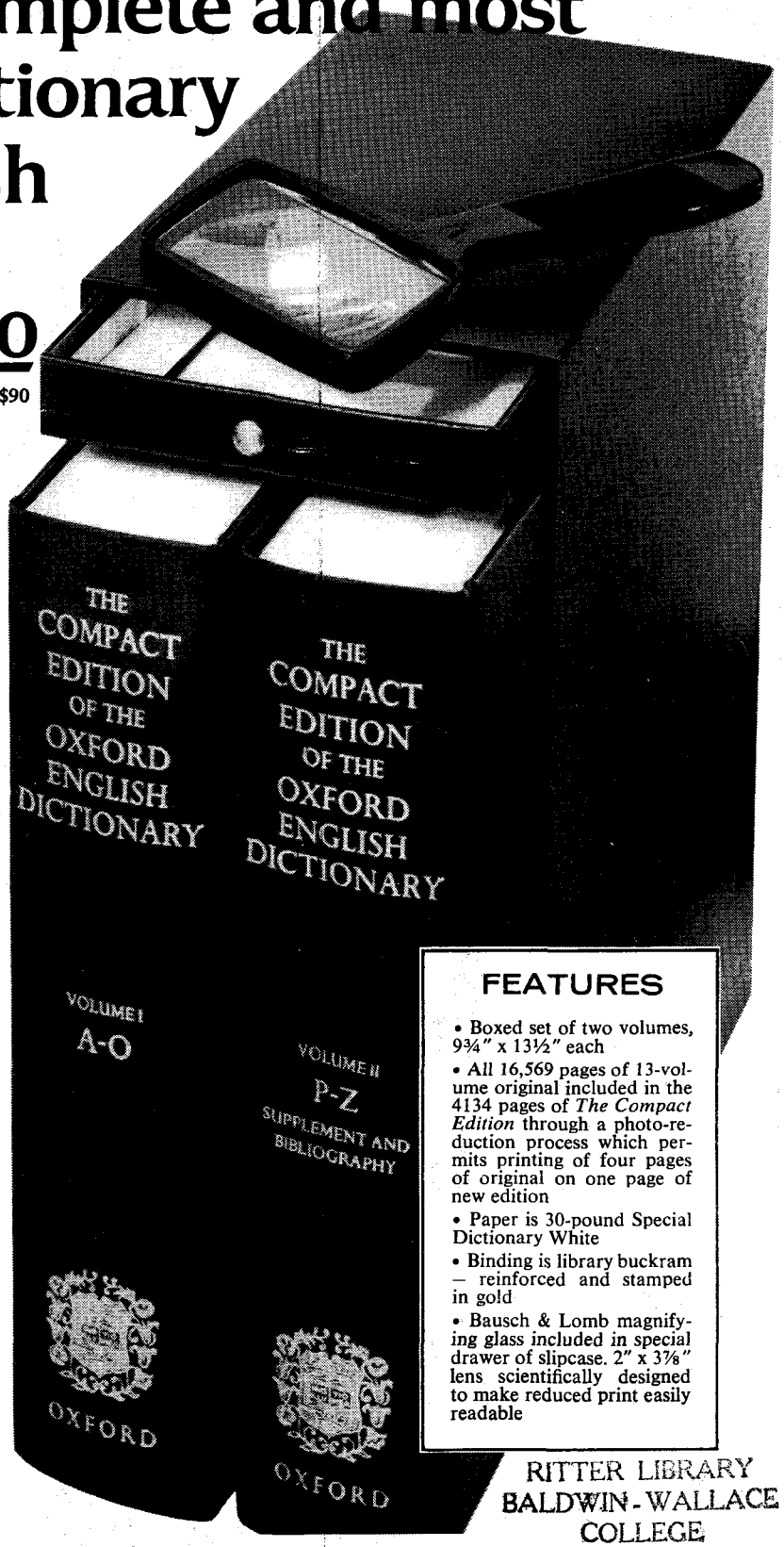
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